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The Naked and the Quick

AT their annual luncheon this week, the drapers received an emphatic assurance from the President of the Board of Trade: there is no question of reintroducing clothes rationing in peace-time. The trade, no doubt, which is instinctively more concerned with its own convenience than with the well-being of the public, was delighted to hear this news; so, too, was that vast majority of housewives who, despite the Chancellor's sober warnings last Tuesday, are still stubbornly unconscious of what rearmament will mean to them. But every thoughtful citizen must be appalled by Mr. Wilson's bland capitulation to rationing by price. Already this year, before the effects of the post-Korean jump in wool prices have been felt in the shops, the price of suits and blankets, socks and overcoats, is soaring. As if to underline the anti-Socialist significance of his colleague's statement, the Chancellor pointed out in his broadcast that our 1950 wool imports would cost £150 million more at current prices—and the market is still rising. Yet the President of the Board of Trade complacently tells the drapers that the Labour Government has no intention of introducing clothes rationing unless war breaks out.

There are two obvious reasons for Mr. Wilson's decision. In the first place, textiles for the home market are still in adequate supply: shortage—the most obvious reason for rationing—is not here to-day. In the second place, rationing is always unpopular with the trade, and clothes rationing in particular involves a large and expensive staff of Civil Servants. Yet, if the Government intends to prevent a wild race of wages to catch up with prices, it must be prepared to use the most drastic means to peg the cost of living or at least to control the price of some essential goods. The case, therefore, for ensuring that most of the available textile raw materials are allocated to utility lines, and then subsidising the price of these utility ranges so as to cut them back to the pre-Korean level, is surely overwhelming.

Yet this policy will not be possible without clothes rationing. To peg the price of clothes, without rationing their distribution, would stimulate domestic demand beyond the level that we can afford if textiles are to make good the loss of engineering exports, as the Government intends. It would also involve the Chancellor in a subsidy of unlimited dimensions. This is why the only alternative to rationing by price is rationing by coupons.

Two years ago Mr. Wilson burnt his fingers in his bonfire of controls. We thought he had learnt his lesson. But apparently this is not the case; he is prepared to let things drift until glaring social injustice—and the public clamour which it causes—makes action unavoidable. Already anyone with a few pounds in the bank and a particle of common sense is busily buying clothes and materials in the knowledge that £25 to-day will buy at the draper's or at the tailor's what will cost £50 a year hence. The abyss between patriotism, which urges us to save our money, and self-interest, which commands us to spend, is becoming too wide for frail human nature, and like the Gadarene swine we are plunging down the inflationary slope. Or rather the quick ones with the cash are doing so, while those without must pay, next winter, the prices which will follow on the buying spree, or go naked. Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly well aware of all this, and he must therefore realize that the only policy consistent with Socialist principles is to subsidise and ration utility lines and to introduce as soon as possible a docket scheme for sheets and blankets. Otherwise "fair shares" will become a mockery before summer ends.

The Deputies at Work

The Big Four have this at least in common, that none of them want to shoulder the odium of appearing, in the eyes of an expectant and anxious world, to be blocking, in advance, a Foreign Ministers' conference. Hence it seems unlikely that the Deputies in Paris will fail to produce a nominally agreed agenda. But their proceedings, so far, have not been encouraging. On the one hand, Mr. Gromyko is utilising what should have been a business-like meeting as an occasion for recriminatory propaganda quite inappropriate to the Deputies' purpose. On the other hand, the Western Powers appear to be insisting on an agenda whose order of priority in the arrangement of its items invites deadlock before the crucial question of Germany is reached.

The draft agenda tabled by Mr. Gromyko had three items: (1) The fulfilment of the Potsdam Agreement on the demilitarisation of Germany and the prevention of her re-militarisation; (2) the conclusion of a peace treaty with Ger-

many and the consequent withdrawal of occupation; (3) improvement of the situation in Europe and consideration of an all-round reduction in armed forces. Except for the omission of a specific reference to a peace treaty with Austria—a point which the Russians later tried to link with talk of the mythical Allied "base" in Trieste—the substance of this draft seemed reasonably satisfactory, though it might be argued that the wording of the first item, with its innuendo that it is only the Western Powers who have committed breaches of the Potsdam pact, was needlessly provocative. It did not satisfy the Western Deputies. Their proposals, tabled by Mr. Ernest Davies—surely a light-weight opposite number to Gromyko—were that the Foreign Ministers should begin by examining "the causes of present international tensions in Europe," proceed to discuss a treaty "for the re-establishment of an independent and democratic Austria," and only then pass to "problems related to the re-establishment of German unity and a treaty of peace."

The Russians will undoubtedly argue that this is putting the cart before the horse, and that existing "tensions," reflected in mutual accusations of aggressive armaments, cannot be profitably discussed until there is agreement on the extent to which Germany is to be allowed any armed or semi-armed forces. If there is a clear understanding that the Foreign Ministers will go through the whole agenda, irrespective of agreement on particular items, the order may not be of decisive importance; but the reports in the American press of Dr. Jessup's line are even more discouraging than those of Mr. Gromyko's. Dr. Jessup is said to have declared flatly that the West would not renounce the re-militarisation of Germany since the size of the Red Army and its satellites made it necessary.

Promoting Bonn

While the Deputies of the four Occupying Powers discuss the agenda for a settlement which, if it were to prove successful, would presumably end the division of Germany and promote a new all-German Government, the three High Commissioners in Bonn have duly implemented the Foreign Ministers' decisions of last September. The Occupation Statute is much modified: the West German Government gains important attributes of sovereignty which include the right to have a Ministry of Foreign Affairs and to appoint diplomatic representatives (to be known as "official agents" in the U.S.A., France and Britain) who are to be enabled—the High Commissioners preserving the right to be informed—to take part in international negotiations. Controls on foreign trade, currency rates and legislation are relaxed or abolished. Many of the Occupying Powers' "reserved powers" are relinquished or reduced. There is evidently to be no further Allied intervention in the structure of German basic industry than the completion of "decartelization programmes" already on foot. It is all too evident that the Krupp concentration of industry—one of the most obvious and noxious in the world—remains substantially untouched. The West German State is given quasi-sovereign status—or every encouragement to regard itself on possessing such status—at a time when (to quote Walter Lippmann, a cautious American observer of German affairs) there is taking place a "rebellion of the reactionary monopolists in Germany."

Advice for the Chancellor

As usual, the Chancellor has been speeded towards his pre-Budgetary studies by well-intentioned advice from interested parties. The F.B.I., in a lengthy memorandum, argue that the rearmament programme involves no need for increased taxation. A minimum of £300 m. a year can be saved in "administration"; on "below the line" capital account a similar saving can be effected by making local authorities finance their needs out of rates or loans; and, when allowance is made for the natural increment of revenue from existing taxes, not merely should it be possible to finance Defence without adding to the tax burden, but—so the F.B.I. piously hopes—to give some relief from taxes on profits.

This estimate of probabilities is clearly much too sanguine: apart from the undesirability of making local authorities' housing programmes dependent on the rates or on borrowing in the capital market, even the F.B.I. has not the hardihood to describe in detail how £300 m. is to be slashed from the Civil Estimates, though a reduction in the allocation for food subsidies is doubtless in mind. This would run directly counter to the line taken by the T.U.C., which urges that food subsidies should be increased "as far as is practicable" in order to provide some stability in the cost of living. Assuming that, in any case, taxation must be increased, the T.U.C. exhorts the Chancellor to increase the tax on distributed profits, to shift the weight of purchase tax increasingly from essentials to luxuries, and to ensure that any increase in the standard rate of income tax is accompanied by a rise in the exemption limit. The T.U.C. also makes the sound suggestion that, up to the point at which the full standard rate becomes payable, rates of income tax should be more gently graduated as an incentive to greater effort reflected in higher earnings.

The Shape of the Budget

If the Chancellor provides for the full Defence expenditure announced by the Prime Minister, it looks as though prospective outgoings "above the line" in 1951–52 will be about £4,175 m. In the current year, revenue seems likely to exceed £4,000 m., against an estimate of £3,900 m. Industrial profits are booming; PAYE will "catch back" a lot of the recent wage increases; and the yield of purchase tax is automatically helped by inflation. Given a little optimism, revenue from existing taxes in 1951–52 might perhaps be put at £4,200 m. This would leave a small surplus to offset against the "below the line" payments on war damage and local authority loans account—a sum which, if the downward trend of past years continues, may not exceed £400 millions net.

If, then, he is faced with an overall deficit of the order of £375 m. what will Mr. Gaitskell decide to do? Without risking runaway inflation he can hardly meet the whole of it by borrowing. On the other hand, he may well consider that expenditure for stock piling, which, after all, is represented by tangible assets, need not be met out of tax revenue. In that event he may have to find something like £200 m. from fresh taxes. This is a manageable figure, though one that hardly makes for a popular Budget. The real fiscal crisis will come rather in 1952–53, when rearmament expenditure will have got into full swing. Setting aside electoral considerations, the difficulty is, from the economic standpoint, that the weight of taxation has already reached a point at which additions are apt to lead either to dis-saving or demands for higher earnings which are themselves inflationary. We have yet to be convinced that in the proposed scale of rearmament, the Government can chew what it has bitten off.

The Engineers' Ban

The engineers' ban on piecework and overtime spread this week to the Vickers-Armstrong works at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where shop delegates voted in favour of imposing it next Monday. Meanwhile, several firms have retaliated by giving their men notice of dismissal unless they agree to accept normal working. Discussions have been proceeding this week at the Ministry of Labour, and a joint national meeting between the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions and the Employers' Federation has been arranged. When the dispute first blew up as a result of the piece-workers' discontent at the recent wage award, the men were recommended to seek a way out through negotiations factory by factory for adjustments of piecework rates; but these attempts seem to have made little progress, and it looks as if some of the employers are minded to make a stand, not so much on the wages question as in resistance to what they regard as uppishness and indiscipline on the workers' part. There is also the factor that the less skilled workers, who have nothing to gain, show little enthusiasm for supporting the claims of the more highly paid pieceworkers for the maintenance of differentials in earnings. The skilled men, however, are in a strong position in view of the urgent demand for their services, and it seems likely that the affair will end in concessions going some way towards meeting their claim. The dispute at Craven Bros., where the firm has closed its foundry and denies the existence of any issue for negotiation, will not be easily disposed of, as it involves a question of principle that might establish an awkward precedent. If firms can simply close down departments at will and refuse to discuss their actions, what becomes of the ban on lock-outs which is supposed to go along with the ban on strikes?

Soviet Prices and Production

Inconspicuously reported in the British press, the decree issued last week in Moscow, announcing new prices in shops in the Soviet Union with effect from March 1, is of considerable economic significance. This is the fourth time since 1947 that retail prices have been substantially reduced in the U.S.S.R.;

and the new reductions vary from 10 to 25 per cent. over a wide range of goods, including nearly all foodstuffs, soap, cigarettes and tobacco, and many semi-durable consumers' goods such as radio sets, bicycles, watches, furniture and crockery.

This announcement follows the over-fulfilment of the first post-war Five Year Plan, in the course of which, according to the official statistics, the national income has been raised to a level 60 per cent. higher than in 1940. The industrial production index (1940 = 100) has risen from 118, two years ago, to 174, while the output of steel and coal is now 27.6 m. tons and 264 m. tons respectively, as compared with 18 m. and 166 m. before the war. The emphasis in the planned production of the U.S.S.R. is still apparently laid on capital goods—notably machine tools and tractors. It seems fair, however, to infer from the latest price decree that Soviet resources are being utilised to a considerable extent in the production of more and more consumer goods. The proportion of the national income going to guns may be large—it is 20 per cent. of the new Budget—but a lot is also going to butter.

A Central African Dominion?

An all-European conference of officials to discuss "the closer association of Central African territories" met in London on Monday. Long desired by the European communities in the three territories, Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, this conference is intended by their leaders to pave the way for a Central African Dominion in which the doctrine of permanent White domination should be extended from Southern Rhodesia (where it copies the practice of the Union of South Africa) to adjacent "White settler territories." This object meets with strong, fully understandable opposition from African organisations in these territories, and above all in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. There, so far, the doctrine and practices of racialism have no official reaction, and African organisations are therefore possible. Organised Africans in these territories are against any grant of self-government so long as this means, as in present circumstances it must mean, the substitution of a vaguely benevolent control by Whitehall for race rule by politically unenlightened White settlers. It is to the credit of Mr. Griffiths, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that he has pledged himself in the House of Commons to safeguard African interest in these territories. "The work of the conference," he told the House of Commons on Nov. 8 last, "will be purely exploratory and will in no way commit any of the four participating Governments to the adoption of any proposals." Full account will be taken by the British Government of "special responsibilities" towards Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland; and "adequate opportunity will be provided for public discussion which is to include consultation with African opinion." These reassurances are valuable at a time when the Opposition in the House is throwing its whole weight behind the demands of the European communities in these territories.

French Crisis and Big Four

Our Paris Correspondent writes: When the deputies of the "Big Four" met at the Rose Palace on Monday afternoon, France was still without a Government. After Bidault and Queuille, who are old hands at the game, had failed, M. Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, though new to the job of Cabinet-making, sounded rather more promising when he simply announced that the electoral reform would be shelved for the present, and that the new Government—if he succeeded in forming it—would first concentrate on urgent economic and financial problems. But, on Tuesday, he too failed.

Electoral reform killed Pleven. Although the M.R.P. had resigned themselves to the abolition of P.R., the two-ballot system, on which the Radicals were insisting, was more than they could stomach. Not only did they denounce the sordid *combinazioni* of the second ballot as politically immoral, but they feared that, apart from the general gang-up against the Communists, there would also be an anti-clerical gang-up of Socialists and Radicals against them. Nor were the Radicals, in their view, past ganging up with the Gaullists, if it happened to suit them. For whereas large sections of the M.R.P believe in planned economy and social progress the Radicals have become one of the most conservative and "free-enterprise" groups in France.

After eight or nine variants of the electoral reform had been rejected by the Assembly, the M.R.P. and Radicals still could agree on neither the two-ballot nor the one-ballot system, and Pleven finally threw up the sponge. His successor will, sooner or later, have to tackle electoral reform, as otherwise the country will, before October, have to vote under the present P.R. system. This would never do, for the Communists might then be returned even more numerous than now, and the Gaullists also would take many seats from the "Third Force."

The "Big Four" Deputies' meeting is taken very seriously here. "If the Deputies or, after them, the 'Big Four' achieve nothing," Pertinax wrote on Monday, "then Western Europe may be in for a pretty grim summer." It is hoped on the French side that no ultimata, impossible for the Russians to consider will be bluntly presented to Mr. Gromyko; and that, on the contrary, in view of the Russians' obvious fear of German rearmament, every avenue be explored for providing them with face-saving devices, in return for such concessions as they may agree to offer. What is worrying the French more than anything is a certain "everything-or-nothing" attitude displayed on the American side. As the able Washington correspondent of the *Monde* indicated on Saturday, America would prefer not to obtain any "concessions" from the Russians since, without a "global settlement" (on American terms), such "concessions" would only tend to undermine both America's and her allies' rearmament drive, and provide especially the French with new arguments against rearming Germany.

Ultimately, it is reckoned in Paris, much, if not everything, depends on the extent to which Britain and France will be willing, or able to act as peace-makers between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Or will they, as many fear, act throughout as Washington's clients?

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
Spring Books Number

PARLIAMENT: Consciences Saved

Wednesday

TORY tactics in Lords and Commons last week were like the tale of a football fan, whose team's centre-forward had the ball. "Shoot, Bevin! Shoot!" he yelled. "Why shoot Bevin?" said an opposing bystander. "Why not shoot the whole damn team?" In the Lords, the peers played for the Foreign Secretary's resignation. Among them was Lord Templewood. In another decade, and under another name, he was swept out of the Foreign Office for his part in the Hoare-Laval Pact, which gave Abyssinia to the Italians. Having received the due reward *à l'anglais* for failure, he returned last week "in another place" to accuse the Government and Bevin of incompetence in foreign affairs. No one could have better credentials, from experience, as a judge. In the Commons, not the Foreign Secretary, but the Government as a whole was the target. The attack developed over the failure of the Gambia Poultry Scheme. "Wind the scheme up," said the Liberal Grimond—"and wind the Government up in it," added some original Tory wit.

On Thursday, Labour consciences served for target finders for the Opposition, when the House discussed the "Z-Bill." Conservative criticism had been that the call-up had neither been vigorous enough, nor had it provided a long enough period of service to be effective. Labour Members now expressed anxiety, rather, about the width of powers the Bill was demanding. Anxiety at length burst into rebellion, on an amendment by Fenner Brockway, to "rule out the possibility of 'cat and mouse' treatment of conscientious objectors." Arthur Henderson promised to consider the matter sympathetically and to try to evolve a formula which would meet the case. Members sought to encourage the Government with reminiscences of their own experiences and succeeded only in frightening Shinwell into repudiating his colleague. Memory had reminded the Minister of Defence that "the precedent was clearly much too dangerous to accept." Brockway, thereupon, declared that the matter would be pressed to a division. Thirty-two Labour Members divided against the Government. As many more abstained. The Tories unitedly supported the Government. More characteristically, the Liberals were divided against themselves.

By 2 a.m. the Tories believed they had found a way both of defeating the Government, with Labour support, and of appearing before the electors as the guardians of democracy. Clause 12 of the Bill provided for its continuance for 3 years. Conscious of a depleted House and of a Labour Party deeply divided on the Bill, the Tories determined to carry opposition to the Clause to a division. Driven by their dilemma, however, into supporting the Government, all the Labour members present voted for the Clause. By the casting vote of the Chairman, the Clause was passed "to enable the matter to be discussed again," and, on Monday, the Government was safe; the Clause was defeated and at least three Members who had voted on Thursday night abstained. So were both justice and conscience served.

After Thursday's late night, on Friday the Government was caught napping and defeated again on a Private Member's motion "regretting that it had not earlier built up reserve stocks of raw materials." On Monday, Mr. Eden asked what steps the Government intended to take in view of the vote. The Lord President replied: "You know and I know that you know that all of us know that this is a bit of fun." There is to be no nonsense of resigning because of a defeat on a private member's motion. But whips will be tougher just the same.

TOM WILLIAMS

Answer to an American Liberal

LAST week's *New Republic*, an American weekly which most English liberals still connect in their minds with Henry Wallace in the days when he was (wrongly) accused of fellow-travelling, printed an odd attack on this journal. The author was Richard Strout, who from 1947 to 1949 was a valued *N.S. & N.* correspondent from the United States. A potted version of his article appeared in the *Observer* last Sunday. The attack in its American form contained a number of comic criticisms, mainly culled from *Time*. These are not worth powder and shot; but something must be said of the article's general "smear" that the *N.S. & N.* may be "following the party line." This is a strange charge against a journal whose Editor has been so often denounced in Soviet propaganda as some kind of Fascist Beast, and whose efforts recently to obtain a visa for a correspondent in Moscow were met with refusal on the ground that we were apparently only interested in inventing concentration camps and other lies to denigrate the Soviet Union.

The charge is apparently based mainly on Mr. Strout's reading of two series of articles, last year, by special correspondents in Italy. About this it is enough, first, to say that, in accordance with the best tradition of British journalism, the two special correspondents in question, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Vallance, were given a free hand to report events as they saw them, and that their signed opinions no more committed this journal than the much more Right-wing views of other reporters. Secondly, it should be added, for the sake of the record, that Mr. Davidson, who saw Garibaldi reborn in the peasants' revolt, had a distinguished record as a British parachute officer, served with the Italian and Yugoslav partisans, and was cited in the Rajk trial as a "British spy" because he fought on the same side as Tito and Mr. Churchill. As for Mr. Vallance's articles, which roused Mr. Strout's worst suspicions, his criticisms of Italian industrialists were mild in comparison with those of Mr. Dayton, the American E.C. Administrator, who declared, on October 19, that their attitude could not "win anything except the privilege of hanging from the arcade of a filling station." Indeed, the general findings were authoritatively confirmed by a high U.N. official who recently wrote to us that, having toured Italy last autumn in the company of a distinguished American colleague "our impressions coincide exactly with those of Mr. Vallance."

Let me now get down to business. Mr. Strout thinks we are anti-American and pro-Soviet. In point of fact, our thesis has throughout been that both America and Russia have had, broadly, two possible policies, leading to war or to peace. Unhappily, by a familiar process of like breeding like, the peaceful policy has in both cases lost ground, so that in 1951 we stand on the edge of a third world war. In our view, this was not, and still is not quite, inevitable. In the case of the U.S.S.R., there have at least been theoreticians who, adopting the economic interpretation of Varga, have held that the U.S.S.R. could afford a period of peaceful competition with a capitalist West which is, in any case, dying of its own contradictions. This view did not, of course, exclude Communist propaganda, nor efforts by the Cominform to exploit every domestic crisis in the capitalist world; but it did exclude action that was likely to provoke war, and it clearly involved international co-operation on world issues. Unhappily this programme has been disavowed in practice. The U.S.S.R. is justly blamed (and has been repeatedly blamed by this journal) for playing a wrecking role in U.N., refusing to take part in those International Agencies which were the one hope of East-West co-operation, and for discarding in Eastern Europe a protective role, which inevitably belonged to her after the war, in favour of domination, culminating in the struggle with Communist Yugoslavia. Russia has thus thrown away the immense fund of good will for the Soviet that inspired democrats all over the world in 1945. Soviet policy has been partly instrumental in creating the enmity it postulates.

Let me now turn to the second charge—that of being "anti-American." My mind goes back to a visit to the United States in 1942, when I recall writing that the future of America and the world depended on whether the U.S. would use her surplus to feed and develop backward countries, or whether the Republican imperialist forces would win the day. That was why we supported Henry Wallace's "milk for Hottentots," warmly welcomed Marshall Aid in its initial phase, and repeatedly stated that the U.S.S.R. had made a probably irreparable error in recalling Mr. Molotov and his army of experts from the Marshall Plan conference in Paris in 1947. Mr. Strout thinks it "uncanny" how often we now find American fingers in every pie. We find them because they're there. We are a Socialist paper which, like the *New Republic*, used to attack British Imperialism, and has rejoiced in Mr. Attlee's recognition of the right of the Colonial peoples of Asia and Africa to go through their own revolutionary period without interference from us. It is strange indeed that American liberals, who during the nineteenth century stood as the vocal champions of the right of subject people to revolt, should have no welcome for the present awakening of Asia, and should not see that, since the centre of capitalist power has moved from London to Washington, so must Socialist criticism also be centred on American rather than British policy.

When we think of the vitriolic floods of criticism that were constantly poured over the heads of even the least imperialist Britishers who visited America a few years ago, we stand astonished at the sensitivity of American liberals to British criticism of MacArthurism. I cannot recall losing my temper with American liberals who used in terms of exaggerated violence to attack Colonel Blimp's attitude to Indians and I cannot see why Mr. Strout or the *New Republic* should resent our criticism of the indoctrination of G.I.s who are now being taught to regard all Asians as "gooks," and to make no distinction in Korea between soldiers and civilians. So far from slinging mud at America, I have found it necessary, both in the *N.S. & N.* and at "Peace with China" meetings that are being held all over this country, elaborately to explain that the MacArthurites and the Republican press only represent a small part of America, 58 per cent of which, according to a recent Gallup Poll, want Communist China to take its place on the Security Council. In brief, our enemy is MacArthurism and the Luce and Hearst press; the friends we seek are American liberals who are still liberals when liberalism has become unpopular.

Some American liberals find it difficult to understand why we do not take, in 1951, the same attitude to "collective security" as we did in 1938. The short answer is that "collective security" as applied to Spain, Italy or Germany, meant concentration of power which could have prevented war, while to-day it seems an excuse for starting a world war with the absurd idea of thus quenching Communism. Communism, unlike the Wehrmacht, is a world social movement which has already gained ground, mainly without the aid of the Red Army; it will spread over the globe if our only way of tackling it is to court financial and moral ruin by total rearmament of the rest of the world, including especially Germany, Japan and Franco Spain. Mr. Strout would be surprised at his reception here if he tried to explain his American theory of the United Nations to British audiences, which have no sympathy with Communism, but know too much about MacArthur's activities in Japan, Formosa and Korea, and about Chiang Kai-shek's boasts of coming aid from America to reconquer the Chinese mainland, to take seriously the propaganda about this being a war to enforce a U.N. policy of "collective security."

Mr. Strout's article makes one realise how much the Atlantic has widened in the last twelve months. He laughs at us for asking whether Britain could "save America from herself." Many people from all parties in Britain believe that this was just what Mr. Attlee did for the time being when he visited Washington last December, and urged the American Administration not to permit MacArthur to begin bombing Manchuria. Mr. Strout admits to "gooseflesh over General MacArthur's literary style." The British are more concerned about his military and political style. Mr. Attlee's visit was made in response to the overwhelming protest against MacArthur's personal policy and contempt for British restraints; the House of Commons cherished the illusion that it had some right to be heard where the lives of British soldiers were concerned. Since we began the examination of the irresponsible position of General MacArthur, journalists in America as well as in Britain have taken up the matter; the case we first stated is now broadly accepted. The *New Republic* itself has been almost as strong as the *N.S. & N.* on the point. I need say no more about it—except to utter the warning that to attempt to make war on China and to call it "sanctions" would be regarded in Britain by people of all classes and parties as suicidal folly.

This brings me to my final point. I am ready to admit that there may have been some lack of understanding and appreciation on our

side. We may not always have distinguished sharply enough between those who think in terms of the atom bomb, and those who think in terms of Point Four. We may sometimes have been testy and over-suspicious, and we may have failed fully to appreciate significant changes in American psychology produced by the Korean casualty lists. But the reason why most British people—and for that matter most Europeans—seem at times to be "anti-American," is that while war to most Americans, since 1865, has been a remote business, to us, since 1945, it has meant quite simply the threat of total destruction. The United States often talks as if she, as the strongest Power, has the right to establish bases and to station atom bombers where she pleases. American Generals openly discuss the merits of Britain as an aircraft carrier, and don't disguise their view that we are expendable. It is this attitude that makes British audiences impatient of attempts to explain and defend American policy. They are mainly strongly anti-Communist; but they think, as we do, that Russia relies on spreading Communism not by military aggression but rather by exploiting the economic and political contradictions within capitalism itself, and that the present MacArthurite talk of a military crusade to "liberate" half the world from Communism is a form of madness. Nobody would accuse Professor Toynbee of being anti-American or a fellow-traveller, but he expressed the present mood of Britain when he returned recently from the United States with the slogan "No Annihilation without Representation."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Raw Materials

I.—The Peril and its Origin

Within the next three months, the cost of living and the rate of unemployment—or under-employment—will both rise as a direct result of the increased cost and scarcity of raw materials. Until recently, most retail price advances of products made from imported materials were due to the backwash of devaluation. Now, after a brief hush, we must expect the boom of post-Korean prices to strike the retail markets. The housewife who has been complaining of the rise in the cost of living has so far, as it were, seen nothing—nothing, that is to say, except the accusations of the Tories that it's all the Government's fault.

The defensive attitude of the Labour Government, prompted in part by the need to co-operate with powerful industrial and commercial interests at home and abroad, and illustrated by Mr. Harold Wilson's obeisance to the rubber trade in last week's Parliamentary debate, has obscured the central fact that Britain's peril from high prices and shortages of raw materials is above all due to the classic capitalist doctrine, "Make hay while the skies are dark," translated into action on the free commodity markets. The rises in commodity prices have had little or no relation to rising costs. They have been determined by "what the market will carry," and have been explained away, in the case of rubber, as being a fair counter-balance to slump prices, a reward for the undisputed courage of the planters, and a means of correcting the balance of payments with the dollar countries.

Last November, Beradin Rubber Estates Ltd.—a typical example of rubber enterprises—provided some details of its costs and general position. The crop for 1949-50 was 1,395,000 lb. which was sold at an average price of 13¼d. per lb. ex. godown Singapore. *The estimated estate cost of production was 7¼d. per lb. and has varied little since the end of the year.* About half the crop for 1950-51 has been sold forward at 19¼d. per lb. ex. godown Singapore. The rest will presumably be sold at present-day market prices for rubber, which recently touched 6*s.* 2*d.* a pound in Singapore. And if any Socialist in Britain has accepted the argument that he is paying more for rubber in order to benefit a native worker in Malaya, he should disabuse his mind. Wages have risen by only 24 per cent. since 1949, while prices have risen by 500 per cent.

To turn to the "dollar argument" in favour of high rubber prices, it is hard to know whether the Americans have been more incensed by the price they have to pay for rubber since Korea, or by the quantities which the rubber trade has sold to Russia and China. It is true that the Government has not laid an official embargo on shipments to these two countries. But it is equally true that the rubber-sellers have had it in their power at any time to cease their trade with Russia and China. That would have meant a flattening of prices; and the profitable trade has, therefore, continued, irrespective of the fact that Russia's purchases, added to her substantial increase this year in synthetic rubber production, are enlarging her strategic stockpile, although her purchases of natural rubber remain fairly constant. There is a point at which raising rubber prices to earn more dollars becomes damaging to the overall public interest. So long as the Americans feel they are being "gouged" for rubber and tin, so long will they be reluctant to release from their hoards the sulphur and other materials which Britain vitally needs.

But like Maria Theresa, of whom it was said, "She weeps and weeps, and keeps on annexing," the Americans complain and complain about the price of rubber and other commodities, and keep on buying. They have bought rubber and wool and meat, pouring out their dollars with a prodigality which will gratify the exporting countries only till the time when they find that they can't make motor-cars or machine-tools or suits of clothes out of dollars; nor can they eat them. Just as once the world's gold was sucked into America, so now the still more precious raw materials are being channelled in that direction. America is, for example, not only the world's biggest producer of zinc ore; she is also a considerable importer. Her hitherto independent policy of stockpiling confronts British industry with difficulties at every point. She has 3 million tons of sulphur in stock, but the British rayon industry must make do with 20 per cent. less sulphuric acid. She has reduced Britain's allocation of raw cotton from 5¾ million to 3½ million bales. She intends to build a 350 million lb. stockpile of wool—two-thirds of the world's main exportable surpluses.

Nor can British industry easily make do with *Ersatz* for the familiar raw materials. To develop a large industry for synthetics, including plastics, is on the whole wasteful, when the natural materials are available. As far as Britain is concerned, it is too late to develop a series of *ersatz* plants, capable of dealing with the immediate raw material crisis. Nor indeed, since coal is one of the most important bases for synthetic materials, does it seem likely that we will have in the near future enough raw materials to make the *Ersatz* for the raw materials.

Not only high prices then, but physical shortages, even when we are prepared to pay high prices, are the enemy of Britain's standard of living, and of her Defence programme. These adverse factors wouldn't disappear even if Britain suddenly decided to scrap her rearmament completely. Switzerland, with no abnormal arms programme, has already complained that she can't get the materials that she is ready to pay for. Six months ago, it might have been possible by firm international action to have introduced a system of allocation, which might have restrained the rise in prices, and ensured a fair share of basic materials for all friendly nations. Since then, although N.A.T.O. and the Brussels Treaty Powers have had paper Committees concerned with defence production, although O.E.E.C. has made laborious representations in Washington, and although a Raw Materials Conference has been set up, the scramble for high profits and materials has everywhere gone rapidly ahead in typically capitalist fashion—everywhere, that is to say, except, paradoxically, in the U.S.

America to-day is the country of controls, and none more important than the raw material controls of the National Production Authority. The N.P.A. has prohibited the holding of stocks "in excess of reasonable demands" of fifty commodities—mainly metals and minerals, but including too, paper, timber, cement and industrial alcohol. All manufacturers must allocate a percentage of their production to Defence orders, which must have priority over civilian orders. Civilian uses of some raw materials, mainly non-ferrous metals, have been restricted to a varying percentage of the rate of consumption in the first half of 1950. The use of certain metals—cadmium and copper—is forbidden except for essential purposes. And rubber, of course, is strictly controlled. As for the export of raw materials, quotas have been reimposed for aluminium, zinc, cotton, copper, brass and bronze, hides and skins and sulphur.

America, then, compared with Britain, is sitting pretty as far as raw materials are concerned. With her great financial power, she has been able to defy high prices, accumulate stocks, and buy herself a planned economy. The Office of Defence Mobilisation has powers of domestic control, at least on paper, which a British Labour Government would be reluctant to exercise. The question remains: "What can Britain do in the world's present situation to obtain the resources with which to defend her standard of living and maintain full production?"

MAURICE EDELMAN

London Diary

THAT Britain should have no active Foreign Secretary in this crisis is a scandal; it means that our foreign policy is an affair of Whitehall officials and that the world is left to Truman and Molotov. It would be rash to assume that because Mr. Morrison has made a speech on foreign affairs that he is to be Mr. Bevin's successor. The post is still open; the candidates wait. It would also be wrong to think that the only obstacle to any change is Mr. Bevin's reluctance to make way for an independent successor. It is the Prime Minister who has pushed the suggestion of change aside as something too appalling to contemplate. He feels a remarkable, but a quite natural, sense of dependence on the one outstanding Labour leader who has no ambition to succeed him. Moreover, Ernest Bevin has unique qualities as a Cabinet colleague and right-hand man. He is as fertile in suggesting ways of handling a ticklish situation as he is incoherent and flabby in discussing policies and principles. He is the last surviving representative of a whole generation of trade union leaders who never needed to argue their case logically in order to prevail and who could silence the most formidable opposition in the conference hall simply by exclaiming indignantly "Brothers, he's after my job." Logic and argument are essential in the House of Commons; Mr. Bevin has never felt at ease there. They are often a positive nuisance in the Cabinet. What a relief it must have been for a busy Prime Minister to have one mountainous colleague who, instead of expounding a proposal at length, merely says: "I want this done," knowing that the sheer weight of his personality and fear of the results of clashing with him would quell the dissentients.

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A number of correspondents have written asking me whether it will not be possible "to co-ordinate the activities" of the various bodies now working to avert war. I am doubtful whether co-ordinating—that blessed word—can usefully go further than it does in the loose federation of 48 societies that makes up the National Peace Council. The N.P.C. is a clearing house, which of course includes many crank organisations, but which does serve the generally useful purpose of sponsoring all peace bodies which aim at averting war rather than promoting Russian victory. Take the case of the Peace With China Council which began *ad hoc*, has held nearly 100 meetings, has some forty local committees ready to fight "sanctions" against China. I doubt if it would be wise to mingle this body with the Union of Democratic Control or other societies which are primarily concentrating on German rearmament. On the general "negotiation with Russia" issue I see that Mr. Gollancz, who received more than 10,000 postcards in reply to one press letter, is starting a new organisation with Canon Raven and Leslie Hall, M.P. He is holding a meeting in the Central Hall, next Monday, and he has amongst his speakers two Conservative M.P.s and Barbara Castle, Labour M.P. for Blackburn. With Vernon Bartlett in the chair and Gollancz himself to make the concluding speech, the meeting should be memorable.

If I had time I would spend to-day on the South Bank watching the erection of the skylon, the cone-shaped, airy structure that is now being raised on the point of a pin, apparently without normal human agency, to some quite incredible height as a symbol of the Festival. The Exhibition is still at the moment a muddy muddle, but I am told—and I believe it—that it will actually be ready for the opening in early May. I still remain sceptical about the number of people computed to be able to enter the South Bank site on a good day. The estimate sounds to me too much like the conclusion of one of those sums we used to have at school which gave you the rate of inflow and outflow and asked you to calculate how much water would pass through the bath in a given time. Actually the public won't move smoothly through this Exhibition which, I am convinced, will prove far more lovely and exciting than the public remotely imagines. Gerald Barry has given a free rein to skill and fancy. Both sides of the river will be lighted up and so will the very pavements we walk upon. A mountain torrent runs through the middle; there will be a dazzling display of flowers, a screen of blossoming trees and another fairy screen of fountains. I scarcely saw a building that did not carry out some lovely and original idea of structure, roofing or mural decoration. If the weather is fine, the organisers' problem will be to chase one lot of people out so as to let another lot come in.

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I have seldom seen a funnier or more good-natured rag than the parody of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in the current issue of the *Granta*. Most of our familiar features are made pleasantly comic, and the London Diary is so successfully caricatured that I am wondering if I have at last found the perfect collaborator for whom I have long been seeking. I like particularly his paragraph which begins:

> The lavatory attendant at the Coventry Street conveniences, erected in 1873 by Sir William McBain, is Mr. Albert Harris. He was coming up for a breather just as I was going down. I saw him glare at the statue that is the lovely centrepiece of Leicester Square. . . .

You will get an equally good laugh out of the all too short imitation of our back page advertisements. I recommend, particularly:

> "Can someone offer provincial mass-observer quiet solitary room away from crowds?"

That seems to hit us off very neatly.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The fashion for off-the-shoulder dresses and plunging necklines . . . is by no means the best method of combating the menacing dynamic idealism which faces us in the East.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Zoë L. Anstey.)

The Ministry of Labour sent me a chef with the greatest battery of carving knives I have ever seen. He lasted two days. He was a piano tuner really. —Letter from hotel-keeper in *Daily Express*. (Kathleen Vandervat.)

Britain's 20,000 deserters from the Forces have nothing to fear from the 1951 census. Dr. George North, Registrar-General yesterday said: "A man may write 'Deserter' on the form if he wishes, though this is not a recognised occupation."—*Daily Mail*. (J. A. Howard).

THE KING'S NAVEE

When he was a lad he used to pass
From form to form at the top of the class,
And since his lessons he would not miss,
He soon taught physics at Annapolis.
He taught them physics so carefullee
That now he is ruler of the King's Navee.

He worked at a desk as time went on,
In the Navy Department in Washington,
He worked out rises on the gob's pay-sheet,
And soon became the darling of the U.S. Fleet;
Then he sailed the Pacific so successfullee
That now he is ruler of the King's Navee.

When word was signalled to Britain's shore
The sea-dogs barked on the men o' war—
"The waves are subject to Britannia's rule,
A Briton must command the North Atlantic pool;
We'd sooner scuttle the *Victoree*,
Than own a Yank as ruler of the King's Navee."

The Admirals rallied the Tories true,
And fired broadsides at the *Whitehall's* crew;
Lords and Commons were strewn with wreck,
And Manny was the middy on the burning deck,
While the Admirals questioned, where was he,
When a Yank was made ruler of the King's Navee?

Lashed to the wheel of the ship of State,
The helmsman answered the sea-debate—
"While the winds do blow and the seas do roll,
A Briton will be captain of the shore patrol,
A Briton will be East Atlantic deputee,
Though a Yank will be ruler of the King's Navee

"When Britain flew signals of distress,
America answered her S.O.S.,
The ship revictualled with Marshall Aid,
And rigged the British Admirals with new gold braid.
The States pay the price of Admiraltee,
So a Yank must be ruler of the King's Navee."

Then the First Sea Lord his signal flew—
Our American shipmates are sea-dogs too!
The Fleet is ruled by the First Sea Lord,
So the U.S. Admiral is piped aboard.
And now, whenever he puts to sea,
A Yank will be ruler of the King's Navee.

SAGITTARIUS

French Neutralism

THE morning after the Pleven Government fell, my newsvendor remarked: "Funny thing, isn't it? When a Government fell in the past I used to sell 25 or 30 per cent. more newspapers than usual. This morning I haven't sold an extra copy; one would think nobody gave a damn." This indifference is, I should say, partly due to the conviction that, whatever the next Government may be, it will look very like the last one; that the "Third Force," conformist in its "Atlantic" policy, will continue for the next few months, and that economic difficulties will continue to pile up.

A vague resentment is felt everywhere against M. Pleven for two sets of reasons. He refused to do anything about these economic difficulties, and spent weeks, instead, on trying to square the circle of electoral reform; and his foreign policy could not have been less imaginative. The 1951 Budget has not yet been passed; the war in Indo-China—for whose good?—threatens to develop into wholesale killing after the Korean model; and any

serious attempt to get France to play a leading part in easing the tension between East and West is now treated as a dangerous "neutralist" or crypto-Communist heresy. Moreover, neither the "solution" of the Moroccan crisis nor the recent trial of Algerian nationalists, which took place *in camera* (some of the accused, according to *L'Observateur*, had to be brought in on stretchers, so thoroughly had they been "interrogated" by the police), has made anyone in France particularly proud. Meantime the cost of living is going up: last week metro, bus and taxi fares in Paris were increased; food prices are rising; and the scarcity of raw materials—about which Pleven did nothing when he went to Washington—is having an effect on everything, including the production of newspapers. So much so that, with the present cost of newsprint, the *Monde*, rather than look for subsidies, has increased its price by 50 per cent.

At the same time a dangerous feeling of resignation is beginning to be observed in many quarters. Persistent press and radio propaganda has not been without effect, and one of the most pathetic confessions of impotence was recently made by a man who often in the past, notably during the Occupation, was noted for a good deal of moral courage. I mean François Mauriac, who recently wrote in the *Figaro*:

> The tragedy of all of us is to live in a disillusioned country. In four years France passed from the rank of a great nation to that of an assisted nation; why deny it when it is a fact? Neutralism is nothing more than a hankering for the kind of autonomy that has been condemned by the facts. In their childish rage the neutralists kick the table.

This just about sums up the cheerless pro-Americanism of the conservative bourgeoisie, which was so heavily represented in the Pleven Government, and which, in fact, imposed its point of view on its Socialist and Left-wing M.R.P. members.

No doubt, there was a good deal of play-acting in Pleven's "pro-Americanism," so much so that the Gaullists even called his Government a neutralist Government in disguise, which was curtseying to Washington chiefly in order to get the Americans to pay for much of the war in Indo-China and for a large part of France's rearmament bill. Another reproach made by the Gaullists against Pleven was that his anti-Communism wasn't really as tough as he pretended. With the Communists still representing 25 to 30 per cent. of the country, the Government clearly preferred to resort to intimidation, rather than to large-scale repression for the present. The Pleven Government has been content to purge the administration of Communists, to deport without trial numerous Spanish Communists and other Republicans, to get the police to tear down Communist posters against German rearmament, and to let them beat up all—even deportees in their striped Buchenwald overalls—who were demonstrating against Eisenhower or even against the presence of German generals at the recent "European army" talks.

It is very hard to say what exactly is happening right inside the Communist Party, but the impression one has is that these small beginnings of persecution have stiffened the hard core of militants. The Magnani-Cucchi schism has had no perceptible effect; and if the Clementis affair has set many Communists wondering, Titoism seems never to have been less of a threat to the French C.P. than now. Being America's debtor, Tito has been forced to play down both his Communism and his neutralism—a retreat which has made him ideologically much less interesting.

But nothing would be more foolish than to imagine that France is divided into one huge, conformist pro-American majority and a small anti-American, Communist minority. To ignore French neutralism is to ignore what is, on an intellectual plane, perhaps the most significant of all movements in France to-day. It has often been said that, at heart, every Frenchman is a neutralist—even General de Gaulle was a neutralist in 1945 when he thought that France could become the nucleus of a Third Force, bound neither to Russia nor America—but that many feel that France is now so closely bound up with America that any attempt to depart from the Atlantic Pact has come too late and is impractical. It is against this feeling of "too late" that a meeting, which may, historically, prove a landmark, was held on Friday at the Mutualité, one of the largest halls of Paris.

The hall was packed, when the meeting was opened by Professor Rivet, one of the founders of the old Popular Front, and now a Deputy of one of the non-Communist Left-wing groups in the Assembly. Rivet spoke with some nostalgia of the Popular Front days, and he now hoped that this "inaugural" neutralist meeting would, like the similar Popular Front meeting over which he presided in this very hall in 1934, lead to a great nation-wide movement. What was typical of the meeting, though, was the determination of all the speakers not to identify themselves with the Communists, and, in fact, to dissociate themselves from them. This was true of speakers who, like Claude Bourdet, are distinctly anti-Communist, and of others who, like Pierre Cot, stick to the time-honoured French maxim that "there are no enemies on the Left." But in neutralism all these men had found a common ground, and they felt that there was a crying need in the country for a movement like this. Among the main points made at the meeting were the following:

> If the Atlantic policy, complete with German rearmament, was allowed to continue, war would become inevitable and France would be destroyed. (All speakers.)
>
> It was not necessary for France to be economically dependent on the United States, from which she now bought or received half her raw materials. She could, instead, become economically attached to the sterling bloc and, to a lesser extent, to Eastern Europe. Marshall Aid represented less than 2 per cent. of her national income. The war in Indo-China cost France as much; by pulling out of Indo-China, France could easily dispense with Marshall Aid. France's independence was worth to France more than that 2 per cent. (Jacques Nantet and others.)
>
> The present policy was dividing France into two hostile camps. The aim of the electoral reform was to reduce Communist representation, after which the C.P. would be outlawed. The working class would be more and more mercilessly exploited, and the Communists would gain enormously. Either an American or a Russian occupation would lead to civil war in France and to mass persecutions and killings. (Gilles Martinet, of *L'Observateur*.)
>
> Militarily France would be no worse off without allies, and the danger of war coming to France would be infinitely smaller. The number of American troops to be sent here could not stop the Russians, and would only provoke them. And a small American army would run just as fast to the Pyrenees as a French army left to itself. (Pierre Cot.)

Pierre Cot's view was that the Franco-American honeymoon was over, and that the sooner France got a divorce, even without Marshall Aid alimony, the better. Throughout the country, even the pro-Americans were getting worried. Neutralism, to Cot, was not a political theory or a political doctrine, but a political attitude which to-day suited France better than any other. Neutralism, Cot said, did not mean indifference or neutrality at the sight of, say, a MacArthur ravaging Asia. It did not mean that France must leave U.N. But neutralism did mean independence, so that France could be free to choose, and examine every question on its own merits. It was a realistic policy.

> If France had a pact with America similar to the Franco-Soviet Pact, there would be no harm in it, but France must not belong to any vast bloc, either Russian or American. If France had, this last year, been more independent, she could have supported Nehru, and peace would already have been saved in Asia. And how much greater would France's prestige have been! The French Defence Budget would not be scrapped, but France could herself decide how much to spend on armaments and how much on social and economic improvements. Finally, the Atlantic Pact, with its fanatical anti-Communism, was dividing France into two enemy camps and paving the way for Fascism; all feeling of national unity was being destroyed in the country.

Another speaker said that, in the coming election, every parliamentary candidate must clearly state his attitude to neutralism.

This latest attempt to crystallise politically, and in terms of a nation-wide propaganda drive, the anti-war feeling existing in France may be one of the most important things to watch. It has heavy odds against it, of course. Except for the *Monde*, which is vaguely sympathetic to the movement, the bulk of the press is hostile; so will be any new Coalition Government, Socialist Ministers included; and the Communist attitude also is ambiguous. "It has its points, but too many doubtful people support it," the Communist *Nouvelle Critique* wrote the other day. Even so, neutralism has, potentially, a lot of support among all classes, and the only question is whether, politically, it will be able to assume a tangible and practical form, or whether the "line" of the French Governments of coming months will remain unaffected and still be the line of least resistance. An important argument is that by showing the way to avoiding war, the neutralists are really also rendering a service to the peace-loving majority of the American people.

Paris, March. ALEXANDER WERTH

Captains of Coal

[In our correspondence columns this week, a colliery manager raises various points, some of which are dealt with in the following article.]

No Joseph Conrad, no William McFee has yet come forward to perpetuate the characteristics and lives of the Captains and Mates who run our coal mines. Yet they deserve such immortality. The manager of a modern coal mine is doing a more complex, more exacting job than is the commander of our biggest liner; and like a ship's captain's, his job is never done. Beginning usually round 7 a.m., his day ends, theoretically, at 5.30 p.m.; but, should anything untoward occur at the pit—and unexpected mishaps are the rule rather than the exception in coal mining—he can be roused at any hour of the night. Most of his evenings are given up to meetings—joint consultative committees, conferences of the British Association of Colliery Managers or the Institute of Mining Engineers, discussions on planning with other officials—and week-ends may find him down the pit planning and directing development work. Since mechanisation, his task has become infinitely more complicated and demands an ever higher standard of technical knowledge; since nationalisation, his status has become more confusing and less secure.

British mining experts have recently been asking with anxiety whether the average manager of a pit is big enough for his job, or if it has outstripped his capabilities. Are there enough efficient, qualified mining engineers? And, if there is a shortage, are the existing men being deployed to the best advantage? These are questions that need answering, but there is another issue more important and less publicised. Many colliery managers, however keen they are on their jobs, are embittered men. What are their grievances? First, long before questions of pay, comes the almost invariable complaint of lack of power. In point of fact, few managers held much power in the old days; most of the planning work would be in the hands of the Agent, who would in his turn be answerable to his company directors. But it is the multiplicity, the reduplication of officials in the N.C.B. that has upset the managers; they protest that, in many cases, they no longer know who *is* the boss. If a manager is lucky, the Agent will be his bulwark against trouble and his life-line to higher authority. But a friendly, competent Agent is not enough; the manager is still confused by the hierarchy of senior planning and production officials that exist at every level. He often fails to understand how to make best use of the services offered by them. In some coalfields I have spoken to colliery managers who have never even met their own Area General Manager. This surely casts an unfavourable light on N.C.B. structure. For informal, intimate talks with "the boss" are a psychological necessity to counteract the inevitable isolation of a manager's position—as lonely as that of a ship's Captain.

One solution put forward to me is that Areas should be reduced in size to an approximate daily output of 10,000 tons, that the post of Agent should be abolished, and that a General Manager for each reduced Area should take his place, to ensure a close personal relationship at higher managerial level. There may be a case for such a change; but it would leave unresolved another problem. Progressive managers are few and far between, but those that exist are clamorous for more autonomy at pit level: they advocate extended powers for pit consultative committees and wider facilities for settling disputes at the pit. Here, the managers' demands fuse with those of under-officials and miners, who all resent the slowness of settling disputes under the present frame-work; and another common grievance is what is termed the "interference" of N.C.B. labour relations officers. Again this emotion is shared with the men, who tend to distrust the ex-N.U.M. official turned Coal Board employee; and most managers prefer to deal direct with trade union negotiators. Agents and managers are unanimous in their demand for a new and simplified wage structure—complaining that so much of their time is taken up with settling payment problems that they are forced to scamp work on the technical side of coal getting.

As for managerial salaries, most managers argue that they are underpaid. So they were in the "bad old days," but then they enjoyed perquisites, some of which are now denied to them—such as free house, free light and fuel and free labour in the form of gardener-handyman. The newly formed British Association of Colliery Managers succeeded in winning new scales of pay for under-managers some three years ago; but negotiations with the N.C.B. for higher remuneration for colliery managers have dragged on for so long that the matter is now up to arbitration. As things stand, a manager may earn little more than a successful piece-worker at the face. As a result, there is a grave shortage of qualified mining engineers to serve the coal industry. Thanks to the N.C.B. University Scholarship schemes, more applicants are now coming forward than previously, but the shortage is still approximately 200 a year. Critics maintain that an inquiry is called for into the way the Coal Board is deploying the force at its command; they contend that valuable talent is diverted from the pits, where it is needed most, into highly paid posts in the upper N.C.B. hierachy.

There is still distrust of the University approach to management. Most of the present managers came up the hard way, by means of night school and working their way through the pit. They find it difficult to understand that the added complexities of mechanisation and changed human relations require a far better-educated type of manager than did the smaller, simpler pits of the past. In any case, a University recruit still has to do his three years "practical" training in a mine. More serious, in my view, are the widespread reports that the best type of miner does not come forward for training and promotion to managerial status. If this is so, and such men prefer to stay with their mates or serve them in the higher N.U.M. jobs, it is one more indication that the N.C.B. has not convinced the miners that it regards all ranks and ratings in the industry as partners working towards a common goal—and trusts them. Belief that this was genuinely the N.C.B.'s attitude would do much more than pit output bonuses to encourage colliery managers.

How can the Coal Board attract the best type of mining engineer? Again, "trust" is the answer; but a second issue, an issue peculiar to monopolies and nationalised industries, presents itself. Unless the N.C.B. structure is considerably modified and small autonomous areas introduced, what guarantee is there that a manager who fails to get on with his immediate superiors will not thereafter be boycotted from employment in British coal mining? Such a fear is acting as a powerful deterrent to many who would otherwise place their skill as mining engineers at the disposal of their country. Finally, the Ministry of Labour could do much more to support the N.C.B. campaigns to recruit the best type of mining engineer. An exceptionally talented University graduate was talking to me recently. He had been up before a Board for deferment from the call-up to pursue his studies; and, in the space for "career," he had filled in the words "coal mining." After scrutinising it for some minutes, an official returned the paper to him and pointing to the offending words said coldly: "Surely you have made a mistake?"

HELEN GOSSE

Israel and Jordan

IV.—Britain's Role

THE recent visit to Israel of Sir Brian Robertson marked the completion of an astonishing somersault in British policy. It is only just over two years since the British press was screaming: "Jewish Reds shoot down five British planes!" Now the Commander-in-Chief Middle East goes to Tel Aviv to discuss common defence problems with the "Reds."

What was the question which Sir Brian was sent to ask? Turkey, Jordan and Israel are the only countries in the Middle East capable of fighting a modern war. The first two are allied to us; but Israel, although she abandoned neutrality when she entered the United Nations, still adheres to the principle of "non-participation in any alliance." This principle is the natural basis for the foreign policy of a Jewish State, so long as the two largest Jewish communities are those of Russia and the U.S.A. Moreover, in order to maintain the flow of immigrants from behind the Iron Curtain, Israel must maintain strictly correct relations with the Soviet Union; but, to pay for the settlement of these immigrants at the present rate of £900 per head, it must rely not merely on the private funds of world Jewry, but also on American Government aid, such as the recent $35 million loan for agricultural development. The flow of immigrants from the East and dollars from the West naturally produces the principle of "non-participation."

The question, therefore, to which Sir Brian had to find the answer was whether there is any possibility of pulling Israel out of this middle position. To do so would mean not only the acquisition of a useful army, but, even more important, of industrial plant and skilled labour, which in war time could be used to reduce the necessity for shipping supplies from the West:

and if Ben Gurion came that far, it might be possible to obtain permission to rebuild the British barracks at Gaza. For Israel to-day is in a weak position to resist pressure. To her complete financial dependence on the West has now been added a desperate deficiency of raw materials and a chronic food shortage. Unless these imports can be obtained, it will be impossible to provide food and employment for a population which has doubled in two years. Now surely is the time for Britain to use her improved relations with the Israeli to persuade them to join Turkey as allies of the West.

The argument is persuasive enough, but I believe that it is based on a complete misunderstanding both of the temper of the Israeli and of the role which Britain should play in the Arab world. The Israeli have a deep and peculiar feeling of kinship for the British way of life, which has been strengthened by the discovery of recent visitors to London that the behaviour of the British people at home is very different from that of the Palestine policeman. They are not ashamed to imitate closely our military tradition, or to retain much of the administration and legal structure of the Mandate. Moreover, many of them—particularly the stalwarts of the Mapai—are friendly to Britain because they see in our Labour Government (and in the new Commonwealth which includes a free India) the best hope of sanity and conciliation in a world drifting towards war.

All this is true, and it largely explains the renewal of Anglo-Israeli friendship which has taken place over the last two years. But, in welcoming this improvement in our relations, we should not jump to the easy conclusion that the Israeli Government has lost any of its distrust for British Middle Eastern policy. Why should it? It has not forgotten Operation Chaos, the confused but vindictive attempt in 1948 to frustrate the United Nations Partition Commission and facilitate the Arab invasion of Palestine. And it observes that, while it is being courted as a useful ally, the Foreign Office is still providing sufficient funds to the Iraq Government to ensure that it does not lose by blocking the pipeline to Haifa, and is still turning a blind eye to the outrageous Egyptian blockade of the Suez Canal. Inevitably, Mr. Ben Gurion concludes that the leopard has not changed his spots. British policy is still a confused jumble of expediency and appeasement; the only difference now is that Israel, as well as Iraq and Egypt, must be appeased.

Moreover, he has a simple answer to any Englishman who urges him to join a Middle Eastern Security Pact. "Where is the security?" he can ask. "What forces have you in the Middle East, to which we should ally ourselves? A couple of American aerodromes in Saudi Arabia and Tripoli, and a few thousand British soldiers scattered in small packages over Libya, the Canal Zone, Cyprus and Jordan, don't add up even to the nucleus of an Army. Show that you are in earnest about defending the Middle East. Then we might discuss defence plans with you." Until Britain has a firm Middle Eastern base and at least two divisions to man it, the Israeli generals cannot be expected to give up non-participation. Until Britain has a stable Middle Eastern policy, Israeli politicians will have cause to suspect our friendship.

Let us consider the problem of bases first. At best, the Egyptians will only agree to be occupied under duress at the beginning of a war, and in peace-time the bulk of our troops must be maintained elsewhere. The only possible places are Israel, Libya and Jordan. Israel, as we have seen, is ruled out for political reasons; in Libya there is no labour available for construction work. There remains Jordan. Akaba could be developed as a port, and the Arab refugees in Jordan would supply almost unlimited labour for building the base. Yet so far nothing has been done—even on paper.

Our complete inactivity at Akaba is all the more puzzling since, in this instance, the requirements of strategy and policy coincide. We require a base, and we also require, as the foundation of our Middle Eastern policy, a treaty between Israel and the only Arab state on which we can rely. Any advance towards that treaty is at present stultified by the appalling problem of the half-million Palestinians who fled from Israel to Jordan during the war. Their plight in the U.N. camps both foments anti-Jewish feeling and threatens the effort to transform the absolute monarchy of King Abdulla into a stable, constitutional government. As a result, the military value of the Arab Legion, for which we pay £6,000,000 annually, is reduced to zero. In the event of war, it would have to be kept inside Jordan for obvious security purposes.

The conclusion is inescapable. Our first duty is to create the conditions for peace between Israel and Jordan by helping the Government in Amman to master its refugee problem. Part of that aid can come indirectly through construction work at Akaba. But assistance in resettlement is also required, and it is vital that this should be direct British aid, controlled by British personnel, and not grants of money administered by an expensive and ineffective U.N. bureaucracy. If the Jordanians are to alienate the politicians of the Arab League by making peace with Israel, they must feel that Britain is backing them wholeheartedly, and providing some of the capital for Arab social reconstruction which rendered possible the miracle of the Jewish settlements in Palestine. By putting everything we can afford into this one tiny country, we could do something really impressive. Indeed, within a few years we could make Jordan the show-piece of the Arab world and prove that it pays to be a loyal friend to Britain and to make peace with the Jews. Then even our enemies in Baghdad and Cairo, whom we have long been appeasing, might sit up and take notice.

This policy, moreover, would be well understood by the Israeli, who have no desire to be pressured into becoming an isolated fortress, manned by Western mercenaries, in a hostile Arab world. They want our aid in breaking down that hostility, not in perpetuating it, and they realise that the difference of centuries between the development of Israel and her neighbours at present rules out any genuine co-operation. That co-operation could only grow if the social structure of the Arab countries is modernised, and their peoples are given a chance to build the economic basis of freedom. To-day we have neither the resources nor the time to do this for the Arab world as a whole. But we could attempt it in Jordan, where, fortunately, a majority of the population benefited from the education and training in responsibility provided under the Palestine Mandate. Granted large-scale economic reconstruction, Jordan could live at peace with Israel; and, by providing it, we should have established not only a military base at Akaba, but the nucleus of an indigenous Western way of life, uniting Jew and Arab, whose influence would spread in due course throughout the whole of the Middle East.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

So They Say . . .

WHATEVER the outcome of the Four-Power meeting in Paris, the British press approached it with a restraint in which pessimism and optimism were fairly balanced. Thus the *Daily Mail* pessimistically pointed out that if Russia limited the talks to Germany "it is almost certain that the preliminary talks will break down." The *Daily Telegraph*, too, quoted the State Department comment that the Soviet note of acceptance "did not suggest any real change of attitude on Moscow's part." The *Manchester Guardian* said the Deputies' task "sounds all very simple," but "it will be surprising if it proves to be so."

But the first two editorials were optimistic. The *Daily Graphic* began: "Good—the Russians are willing. . . . The effort to ease tension is well worth while." The *Daily Herald*, slightly more cautious, said that the meeting "will be a sort of barometer, indicating whether the Ministers themselves will meet in calm or stormy weather." On Saturday *The Times* editorially gave thanks for small mercies, but agreed with the *Guardian* that the West must prepare its own plan for unifying Germany, to counter the Russian proposals. Expectations varied in the Sunday press. In "Comment" the *Observer* argued that one question would dominate the talks: "Has the U.S.S.R. learned that any further aggression, either direct, through satellites or by political action, will mean a general war?" The *Sunday Times* Moscow correspondent suggested that at last "Russia is in fact ready to discuss the general level of armament." The *People* hopefully discovered that TRUMAN AIMS TO WIN PEACE FROM BIG FOUR TALKS, while *Reynold's News*, after expressing "cautious optimism," stated that the West would do better "to keep Germany divided and disarmed than to play West against East," and that a Formosa settlement and China's admission to the U.N. should be agreed. The *Sunday Dispatch* political commentator, however, warned that "above all it is important that we do not allow ourselves to be forced into bargaining over the rearmament of Germany." The *News of the World* mainly deplored the less-than-top-level choice of Britain's delegate—"reminiscent of the pre-war days when Sir William Strang, instead of a top-ranking Minister, was sent for vital talks with Moscow."

Monday's papers carried prominent eve-of-conference reports. The *Daily Mail*, like the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*, made the meeting its main story: BIG THREE AGENDA FOR STALIN, and its commentator, Alexander Clifford, argued lengthily and reasonably that "Western leaders must relax their morbid conviction that all compromise is appeasement [and realise that] a Russian point of view genuinely exists." The *Graphic* said: "Western delegates . . . will 'act tough' towards Mr. Gromyko," while the *Daily Mirror* reported OPTIMISM ON EVE OF BIG FOUR TALKS. The *Daily Worker* was insistent that WEST WON'T DISCUSS REAL ISSUES IN PARIS. The *Daily Telegraph* suggested that Russia's aim was to prevent the integration of Western Germany

into a Western defence and thus keep open a permanent breach. *The Times* also thought the West would consider a POWER-VACUUM UNACCEPTABLE. Vernon Bartlett in the *News Chronicle*, however, maintained that the West "must be prepared to risk the danger" of a Russian attack on a demilitarised Germany if Russia should agree to German unification. The *Manchester Guardian* urged "firmness of principle with flexibility of detail"—and less public discussions than hitherto.

Monday's opening session surprised the press by its cordiality (*Daily Graphic*: SET FAIR FOR THE BIG FOUR TALKS) but, after Mr. Gromyko had spoken, a depression swept over Fleet Street. "The barometer of the critical talks here suddenly switched last night from 'fair' to 'stormy,'" began the *Daily Graphic*. IT'S COLD COMFORT IN PARIS, reported the *Daily Herald*. RED TIRADE ENDS HOPES OF AN EARLY PACT, said the *Daily Mirror*. The very small ration of hopefulness made ill-assorted bed-fellows: *Daily Mail*: AUSTRIA IS ON AGENDA—RUSSIA AGREES IN FIVE-HOUR TALK; *Daily Worker*: GROMYKO "YES" ON AUSTRIA.

AUTOLYCUS

Song of a Pub Crawl

IT all began at the *Players and Bitters*, with—as you might say—no intention of beginning. I'd just dropped in for a half-hour or so, having a train to catch—

"How are things?"

"Quiet."

"Ah well."

First, however, as Sir Bigadibs Joad, K.C., would lead off, what is a pub? A house, let's assume, a public or open house, more often shut, and constructed on strange principles: as that, *ex concesso*, it is wicked to drink, if permissible (human nature being what it is) to certain ages and in certain circumstances, and between the hours of 11.30 in the morning and 3, and 5.30 and 10.30 or 11 at night, Sundays excepted; but that, *ceteris paribus* and *quoad minus*, the habit so allowed, he who yields to it shall ensconce or lower himself behind walls and doors, partitions, frost-glass windows, lest any from outside should spy in; and thus imperceptibly (if he must) have his fling, strictly according to the rules, which are—

Another pint, please, and don't froth it up.

Which are, as I trust your Portships will allow me to enumerate:

(1) no noise
(2) no dancing or singing
(3) no writing or passing of betting slips
(4) no ladies unaccompanied by a gentleman
(5) no strong language, please
(6) no cheques cashed

and (7) a bell will be rung five minutes before closing time.

But that's a long way off yet.

I'd stepped on to the *Moon Over Newgate* and was having one or two—well, two or three—being all on my lonely, and no one to gab with, and the beer such a shock to the delicacies of the system, till a dozen or so should have rushed that way—

What is Beer? Fog wallop, or lowland dew, ice-cold in winter, lukewarm in summer: woe to the Briton who can't take it.

And never forgetting (as though anyone could) that admonition of the old tray-rattler at the *Bull in Breeks*, "It's the continual sipper what fills our lunatic asylums," hissed over one's shoulder with a chuckle of false teeth, so as to make the customer start up and order afresh.

That was in the days when Little Red Riding-hood, the old newspaper-seller at Oxford Circus, could be sure of his fifty-odd glasses a day from crying the latest out of Fleet Street,

Not to mention a night in Drury Lane where the door opened and a big black nose came round. A retriever, but dog-gone it, what a hound! Having taken his gander, in he walks, shivers, growls amiably, is served with a pint of stout in a bowl, shivers again, nods and stalks away. On inquiry I found that this had been his habit since the night of his master's death; and in the morning, regular as clockwork, he would call at Bow Street police station round the corner, just in case. He was known at Aintree and Gatwick, too.

Well, as I say, I'd just happened along and was following a clear, cool Courage at the *Landmines* with a Bass *sostenuto* at the *Six Jolly Riveters*, and pretty gloomy it was, except for one corner where a geezer with cracked spectacles was rolling dice—"What's the little game?" I asked—"Pools," says he, sniffing and bending to scribble figures on an envelope, and he kept throwing and sniffing and scribbling and a few minutes later, over my next pint but two, I caught him squinting across and just nudging that dice of his—as plain a case of—well, either you put yourself in the hands of Fate or—

Then it was uphill to the *Blue Jokes* and down dale to the *Belaying Pin*, where things were beginning to wake up a bit and the barmaid sported as fine a pair of, coconuts said my neighbour, or fried eggs as his pal insisted, as ever you ran into on a Saturday night; though, mind you, we had to keep on, straight as Methodists, sinking this and considering that, and never forgetting the clock . . .

But why are you all standing, pa, like at football?
'Cause we're just going.
Then why don't you go, pa?
'Cause there's just time for a little one.
A little one—is that me?
Don't talk silly—a quick one.
Quick one, pa?
One before the last. Now hop it, or I'll give you one you won't forget.

Cats, despite Belloc (*v.* "They"), don't drink beer. Is this harking back? Wasps do.

Till I thought me of the *Empress of China*, and of old Charley who's sixty-eight if he's a day, and just out of 'flu; and there he was, in the jolly old balloon, under a palm-tree, reading the latest communiqué from the peace.

"Hello!" I said, "well if it isn't old Charley! Fancy meeting you here! How are you, Charley boy?" and so forth. Lights were switched on. Someone poked the fire. The wireless was rising.

"How are things?" I roared at the landlord.

"Quiet!" he screamed.

"No living in it," he added gloomily during a lull; and this, mark you, from a fellow like a circus elephant who'd never been used to sitting down except to rounds of cold beef.

Then in and out of the *Duchess of Windsor* (never could feel at home there somehow), and by way of the *Pickled Sisters* and the *Vicar of Stukey* to the *Cod's head* and the *Venus Anno Domini* and the *Snail and Pellicle* and the *One Over the Eight* and the *Barefaced Accountants* and the *Prince Monolulu* and the *Lifted Elbows* and the *Outraged Emily* and the *Flying Mandrake* and the *Goats and Monkeys* and so to the *Old Mother Riley*, where whom should we light upon but the Major himself, red as a Rich Ruby, and patting his side-pockets, in each of which (he declared) was an egg, since, being Saturday, he'd kissed his wife early and gone out to do the week-end shopping, witness (brandishing it) this attaché case, a rolling stoke-hole of haddock and blancmange powders, leeks, toilet rolls, bacon, milk, frozen spinach, bay-rum, reindeer haunch, and what have you, and what will you, and so forth, and so on—

Ah for God's sake, interrupted an old witch who had been tipping gins into her cider, cut it short will you? It brings back my old man—the old pantechnicon—with his hopping out to post a letter and not back till next week; and gone through two fortunes, hadn't he, or properly speaking, they gone through him, seeing as how he wet 'em against the wall, every blessed sovereign—Bravo! we cried: for he's a jolly good fellow, he's a—

Helped out, by capable hands.

What happened next was a trial and a tribulation: Old Charley made a billiards shot with his stick at a passing hat, and was no more seen; the Major bound up his bloody hand, though in my opinion it was egg; some of us boarded trams and buses, others (and I suppose I must have been among these) missed our way so far as to wander through the dark desert of a suburb, with our tongues hanging out and our coats trailing, and the women and children somewhere bringing up the rear; till we fetched up at *Hotharbour*, that bright, tight little owl's nest, miles from somewhere, with a leak in the roof and sawdust in the beer and what's yours is mine and all on bouncing belly terms and a couple of dog-fights going on and a broody hen in the throne-room and through the hatch the copper's grin over his quart and the grandfather clock an hour and thirty-five minutes slow and the guv'nor (late gunner of the Royal Horse Artillery) so bewitched he could hear nothing but his horses snorting and the Minnenwerfers coming over and not caring whether we sang or not "Roll Me Over" and "Dan, Dan" and "Trees" and "Dear Old Charley Peace" and something that seemed to go like

Rummy, whisk, gindy, and bran
Light hell-running flares in the guts of a man!
With gale and innis damp 'em down,
Tramp 'em down, ho, stamp 'em down!
Gale and innis, cedar and byre,
They'll quench every sorrow and put out the fire!

and so, at last, one o'clock striking, to the Road: that enemy of all storm-tossed vessels, and high Anglican torch-noses, who must reel back delicately by the ways they rode.

G. W. STONIER

TWO EPIGRAMS

A FINANCIER

He was too nice for common theft,
Too sensitive for vulgar crime:
Less crude than other snails, he left
No trace of silver slime.

SPECULATIVE BUILDERS

Dark cells, cut off from wholesome air and sky
They built; they built whole colonies of gloom;
They built their fortune; safe at last they lie
Each in his own, an even darker, room.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

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The Arts and Entertainment

TOSCANINI OR BEECHAM

When the L.C.C. invited Toscanini to conduct three of the opening concerts at the Royal Festival Hall, they probably expected a storm of patriotic criticism; and if their choice had fallen on any other foreign conductor, however eminent, the criticism would have been hard to meet. But Toscanini, one may fairly claim without risking the charge of idolatry, is a case apart: for half a lifetime the absolute and acknowledged master of his art, the pattern of æsthetic and political integrity, a world citizen of music. Furthermore, though amazingly youthful in spirit, he will be 84 this month. Since his English visits in the 1930's, a whole generation of concert-goers has grown up who know his work only by repute and through the medium of the gramophone. There must be many thousands of people for whom considerations of national prestige would weigh little against an opportunity, presumably the last, to hear the great man in person.

But the L.C.C. have been unlucky. The reported cancellation of Toscanini's visit leaves them, if true, in a fix; they will have incurred the odium of unpatriotic behaviour for nothing. Whither, then, should they turn? We possess in England only one conductor of universally recognised genius: Sir Thomas Beecham. But, as everyone knows, Sir Thomas's genius is accompanied by an unquenchable passion for speechifying and for every sort of artistic and political polemics conducted in a blaze of publicity. It is not long since he publicly ridiculed the whole idea of the Festival of Britain; and if he had been invited to conduct the opening concerts of the Festival, no one could have been quite certain that he might not turn round on the rostrum and deliver one of those devastating harangues upon the follies of the world as he sees them—municipal meddling in the fine arts, mis-spending of public money, and all the rest of the familiar Beecham Aunt Sallies. Doubtless such a tirade would delight our American visitors; still, I can't altogether blame the L.C.C. for not relishing the prospect of being held up to ridicule, at their own house-warming, by one of the wittiest tongues in Europe.

Nevertheless, as things now stand, there is only one proper course for the L.C.C. They must pocket their pride and approach Sir Thomas, hoping that he too will pocket *his* pride and behave, not with the fury of a slighted prima donna, but with the magnanimity of a victor. After all, he is always tilting at institutions, only to reward them, a little later, with his devoted services; the B.B.C., Glyndebourne, Edinburgh, the gramophone, the present regime at Covent Garden—which of these has not, at one time or another, incurred his scorn? What must surely be avoided is the inauguration of the new concert hall, and of the Festival, with a series of mediocre performances of routine programmes. Already, I can't help feeling, a great opportunity has been missed in not devoting one of the early concerts to the *Spring Symphony* of Benjamin Britten, a work of genius, the last movement of which might almost have been designed for such an occasion.

Natural though it may be that the L.C.C. should take responsibility for the initial concerts at the Royal Festival Hall, their decision to become regular concert-promoters is more questionable. In Bournemouth or in Birmingham, with one orchestra and one hall, the municipal provision of symphonic music is a straightforward matter. But in London, where there are several halls, too many orchestras, and a complicated network of concert-giving organisations, it may be that the appearance of a brand new subsidised agency will merely disturb the whole mechanism. Already it has had the undesirable result of reducing by £15,000 the L.P.O.'s annual grant. This vexed and much canvassed question is complicated by concealed political and personal antipathies too delicate to be discussed at the present moment. In any case, I am an empiricist in such matters, preferring to observe the results of the L.C.C.'s first season rather than to pronounce on their policy in advance.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

"A PENNY FOR A SONG"

No, its no use, I'm afraid: it won't quite do—that expressed one's feelings all the way through this near-miss of a piece at the Haymarket. One would so have liked it to go (for didn't the boldness of the management in presenting a new young author so lavishly deserve success?), one waited so expectantly for the smoulder to be blown into a flame: and it never was. Yet it was surely a good idea, a household of English eccentrics waiting on the South Coast in 1804 for Boney's invasion, and making their several scatterbrained preparations for confronting the emergency. And if English eccentricity is the theme, who should more aptly illustrate it than Emett? More aptly and more delightfully? One of the eccentrics being a premature fire-fighter, Mr. Emett provides a charming absurdity in the shape of a Puffing Billy fire engine: another descends in a multicoloured balloon: cannons pathetically misfire: wells appear in trapdoors. Strokes like these win our laughter and applause, as indeed does the whole exaggerated fantasy of the set, a Regency porch, abutting on an over-English garden. And if fantasy is the order of the day who else should produce but Mr. Peter Brook, who is never afraid to carry an idea of this kind to the most illogical of its conclusions?

But produce *what?* That is really the question, and it is never satisfactorily answered. There isn't, in fact—that is the sad conclusion—a play here; a series of charades no more. Some of the comic ones are made sufficiently funny in themselves, but none of the serious ones is within a mile of success. These latter aim at a sort of George Morland sentiment: they centre round the daughter of the house and a blinded soldier in his scarlet coat, led in by a little boy; they are on their way to London to petition the King to stop the war. But the note is too intense for Morland and yet not serious enough for its own intensity. Even so there would be the question of how these scenes are to fuse with the farce of the others. Mr. Ronald Squire as a dandified Londoner is there for the express purpose of effecting this modulation. But not even he can succeed in doing this. The fault, I am afraid, was with the author (John Whiting), for if there were possible lines for him, Mr. Squire, if anyone, could put them over. But the author's command of language and power over words are not yet equal to the situations, whether comic or serious, he has imagined. The play must have read much better than it played; for in action there was no to-and-fro in the dialogue, and hardly a touch of balance, sharpness or attack in the texture of the writing. If only some of the comic scenes could have had the benefit of a language phrased and pointed! If only the situations had been illuminated by resources of speech, even half as expert as Mr. Emett's set or Mr. Brook's production. Words, words, words! However imaginative or inventive the actors or producer, it comes back in the end to words.

Mr. Alan Webb was the triumph of the evening, as a balmy baronet whose plan it was to impersonate Boney and order the French troops home. He brought a splendid comic gusto to his part that always carried it off. Mr. Denys Blakelock was the gentle inventor of Emett's fire engine, and Miss Marie Löhr looked ready at any moment to join the Suffolk Amazons in her gorgeous breastplate. Indeed all the actors were good and only failed to save an unsaveable day. All, that is, except Mr. Basil Radford. He must have spent himself completely on the first night, for on the second he appeared to have nothing left over to give us at all.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Fourteen Hours," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Rawhide," at the Leicester Square
"Rio Grande," at the Carlton

Not many weeks ago we read in the newspapers about an escaped lunatic who climbed a tall chimney and for hours resisted efforts to snatch, wheedle, and smoke him down. A very similar situation is disclosed in *Fourteen Hours*; but the scene being America, our Stylites has chosen a ledge fifteen storeys over a New York street, and is no lunatic but a young man who, loving his mother and hating his father, has grown "rather nervous." His behaviour (for he keeps up his threat of jumping, all day and half the evening) may strike us as considerably more than that: this, in fact, is the film's weakness, that it never at all adequately clinches with the insane exhibitionism of its central character. We must take him as we find him, on fifteenth-storey ledges. And the other members of the family—father, mother, girl—are no more deeply explored.

That said, however, *Fourteen Hours* sustains its thrill and, eschewing music and flashback, builds up a documentary spectacle with really incisive effect. The crowds gather and swell, the police manœuvre for a capture, radio reporters jabber away, and television cameras are focused, and by nightfall searchlights, cradles, nets, and a fatherly traffic cop have come into play. The last of these (Paul Douglas) gets the prospective suicide (Richard Basehart) interested in a fishing trip next Sunday, and so subsides this front-page drama. Two telling performances. Admirably clean direction by Henry Hathaway.

The same director will be found miles and years off his beat with *Rawhide*, "a lonely station on one of the first stagecoach lines across America." Hold up; murder; man and strange girl locked in cell; her baby; they scrape a hole in the wall and out trots baby; thereafter the bullets yelp to a happy close. The film's chief asset is an early close-up of Jack Elam as "the wolf Tevis."

Rio Grande is another of John Ford's adventures with the lonely colonel (John Wayne) and the Irish sergeant (Victor McLaglen) and the Apaches and the thin blue line, and here a pretty young wife and a black-sheep son. The regimental singers have to work overtime. Not very good Ford, perhaps, but I'm willing to forgive everything for the warmth, dash, and ease with which this now familiar story takes eye and ear.

* * *

(*Robinson Crusoe* concluded:)

Night and day—with the sawdust flying—
day and night, he has laboured. Never have two
lovers found themselves more up a gum-tree.
One afternoon ("Rule Britannia!") there's a
bravery of sail in the creek.
Look! look! cry Boo Boo and Nell.
But Robinson doesn't hear, doesn't see.
He's sawing.
The ship drops anchor.
He has almost sawn through.
A bole-weevil looks not: life is hard.
A row-boat puts off for shore.
Straining every muscle and every sweat-gland,
Robinson has less than an inch to saw—
When—
Stop! cries a captain's voice, read this missive!
Give me that missive—here, you read it,
what's it say? Who sent you?
Dan Defo—remember that Bristol news-
hound? He says, Come back without delay,
every moment is previous. He got your story
O.K. in the bottle. Says that's great, you're a
classic, all right, give us some more, but the
public's sick of islands—
I could do with a continent myself. What are
we waiting for?

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An ominous creak.

Rob, you can't leave me now! cries Nell. It's you I been crazy about all along—you're different—

No, no, cries Boo Boo. Me different!

Well of course I love you too, Boo Boo, but you're *so* different—

She jumps, on to Robinson's shoulders.

Why honey, he says surprised, I didn't know.

Me too, screams Boo Boo; but they have moved off, leaving him to bounce unhappily down a chasm.

The boat is gliding away. Two hearts, four oars, beat as one.

The sun has set.

Sands are bluer, waves yallerer, skies more emerald than ever.

Out from their hiding-places of rock and shrub creep the orchestra, to stretch and yawn and quaff bottled beer, and wonder when the next epic will pass that way.

THE END.

WILLIAM WHITEAIT

RADIO NOTES

ONE keeps one fingers crossed, of course, for one has been caught out too many times in the past, but it does seem, perhaps as a result of the Beveridge Report, that there's a quite new policy of frankness and forthrightness evident in recent B.B.C. programmes. I am not thinking simply of such items as *Argument*, amusing argy-bargies though they are, for their interest seems to me mainly sporting: you cheer according to your political beliefs, and if you have no strong political feelings merely feel superior. *Mines and Men*, however, the latest in the *Report to the People* series, was on a different plane; and a better programme of its kind I have not heard. What was attempted was to bring home to us, *i.e.*, the coal consumers, the state of public opinion in the various coalfields on the theme of coal. *We* were criticised —"Leave us alone," the miners said; and the Coal Board, the structure of the nationalised industry, was criticised too, not only by miners and local union leaders but also by managers. Public opinion is never a single voice; but in *Mines and Men* I did feel that mining public opinion was faithfully put in candid terms, often in the recorded words of miners and managers themselves. At the same time, the complexity of the present situation in the mines was not minimised; we were made aware of the sharp regional differences in the general situation, for instance; of the harmony and lack of friction in the East Midlands compared with the heritage of suspicion and bitterness in South Wales; and so on. A most worthwhile hour, which avoided the specific dangers of this kind of programme, the feeling that we are listening to a pep talk or an exercise in what is called public relations, the feeling, in other words, that we are being in some sense got at.

The series of talks on *The Twenties* ended with Mr. Pritchett's two *lectures expliquées* on the fiction of the period. How entertaining the extracts from the novels chosen proved; and how brilliantly Mr. Cleverdon produced them, *The Apes of God*, *The Flower beneath the Foot* and *Antic Hay* especially. It has proved a fascinating series, not the less so because the doubts I had at the beginning still remain. The nature of these doubts may perhaps best be indicated by the talks which satisfied me most, where the doubts were at any rate temporarily allayed: Mr. Boothby's talk on the politics of the Twenties and Mr. Sackville West's on the cosmopolitan spirit of the decade. These were personal talks, reports from experience. In the others, though I was always excited by Mr. Annan and Mr. Pritchett particularly, I found myself haunted by question-marks. Wasn't the age being interpreted too much in terms of what was best in it? Wasn't it being seen too exclusively in terms of the Bloomsbury of Keynes and Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Forster? And, where art and ideas were concerned, wasn't something being pretty continually left out, what may be summed up roughly in the names Eliot, Pound and Robert Graves? What I had was a feeling of arbitrariness in selection; which may be nothing more than another way of saying that we are really too close to the Twenties to see them in perspective. But the fact is, the Thirties revolted against them, and except in the two programmes on the novel by Mr. Pritchett, in whom one smelt a measure of ambivalence towards his subject, the reasons for the revolt were scarcely touched upon.

A relatively new series of monthly programmes in the Third should be noted: Mr. Pryce-Jones's *Foreign Review*, an anthology or digest of articles from the foreign reviews. The February issue contained, for instance, most interesting abstracts from the French review *Roman*, which is devoted to the art of the novel, a note on Swedish painting and—a *bonne bouche* that might well be repeated by itself—a recording made for the Third Programme by Mr. Menotti on the relation between opera and cinema and the filming of his own work *The Medium*.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

ISRAEL AND JORDAN

SIR,—Crossman's account of the Arabs in Israel was characteristically well informed and well reasoned, but I think his justification for the maintenance of military government in Nazareth was a bit thin. (I hope he did not spend too much of his time in Israel talking to soldiers!) Of course he is right in saying that the juxtaposition of the Arabs of Galilee and Israel's enemies over the border makes necessary the imposition of some security measures in that area, but I can't see why those security measures could not be imposed without putting the whole area under the uncomfortable paraphernalia of military government. In Nazareth and the surrounding countryside the civil departments of government, staffed mostly by Arabs, function very well. The only effect of the military "occupation" is that each local officer of a civil department who wants to report to his headquarters in Jerusalem has to do so through the useless filter of the military governor. It is that which causes, and rightly causes, resentment amongst the more intelligent Arabs.

There is an important omission, too, from Crossman's article. He uses purely strategic considerations to argue why Israel Arabs ought not to be shoved off, against their will, into Arab countries in an exchange of populations. What he forgets is that Arabs in Israel can do a job for the Middle East that no Arabs can do anywhere else. If you talk to the enthusiastic young Arabs who run the District Councils and Branches of the Israel Labour League, which is the Arab section of Histadrut, you will find them full of a sense of mission. They passionately believe that by raising the civic, social and economic standards of the Arabs in Israel they will ferment the political and social evolution of the working classes in other Arab countries. They believe that their own example can spread throughout the Middle East and break down the feudalism which depresses the Arab workers of other countries into abjectly low standards of life. They may be right: at least they ought to be given a chance.

IAN MIKARDO

House of Commons.

SIR,—I was astonished to read in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION the statement by your correspondent R. H. S. Crossman that tens of thousands of Jews perished in gas chambers as the result of Great Britain's Palestine policy.

I consider this impertinent statement to be an affront to all those friends and relatives of British soldiers killed when defending the Jews against Arab attack in the years immediately preceding Hitler's war.

GRANT BROWN

[Mr. Crossman writes: "Mr. Brown seems to have forgotten the Palestine White Paper which became Britain's policy in 1939 despite the fact that, in the view of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison, it violated both the spirit and the letter of the Mandate. Under this White Paper, Jewish immigration was cut down to a paltry monthly figure, and throughout the war British forces were actively engaged in preventing Hitler's victims from entering the National Home. The result was that tens of thousands of Jews who could otherwise have escaped from Europe to Palestine perished in Hitler's gas chambers. This was a British policy of which, I had hoped, every decent Englishman is by now heartily ashamed."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

LABOUR PACIFISTS

SIR,—It would be wrong to assume that Mr. Attlee's handling of the West Bristol election has been regarded with universal misgiving by Socialists. Those who have said that the Prime Minister's decision was unfair to a man of moderate views like Mr. Harold Lawrance should bear in mind that it served as a timely warning to candidates elsewhere who only after nomination have revealed themselves as not so moderate pacifists.

In my local constituency Labour Party a prospective parliamentary candidate with pacifist views was recently adopted, in the best tradition to respect men of sincere conviction who will not themselves take up the sword. Neither the National Executive nor those members of the constituency party General Committee who voted for him had, however, envisaged what happened at the formal adoption meeting. The candidate, in the presence of local press reporters, declared *inter alia* that hypothetical invaders should be welcomed with cups of tea, and that he would vote against defence plans as an M.P. even if this would bring down the Government. There was a great deal of heckling by Party members, and only wise restraint prevented many from voting against the formal adoption of the candidate.

Prospective parliamentary candidates once nominated are not usually disposed of without a split being caused in their respective constituency parties. This very real threat to Labour unity has now been averted by Mr. Attlee's action in the West Bristol election. If the price has been an injustice to Mr. Lawrance (the seat would not have been won in any case), this is regrettable.

CHARLES K. MURRAY

ADMIRALS AND SOVEREIGNTY

SIR,—In your editorial "Admirals and Sovereignty" you say that Mr. Attlee "has thought it unnecessary over the last twelve months to tell us fairly and openly the sacrifices of sovereignty which the Atlantic Pact involves." Mr Attlee may not have expressed this aspect openly enough; but speaking in the House of Commons on Tuesday, June 13, 1950, in reference to recent conferences concerning the organisation of the Atlantic Community, he said: "This will require, by a more effective pooling of resources, the surrender in an unprecedented degree by each country of the ability to do as it pleases. His Majesty's Government will be in the forefront of this great endeavour."

While deprecating the differences that have arisen over the Supreme Atlantic Commander and that it might appear that the dispute has been made use of in party politics, it may be that such a dispute will clarify the air and show clearly the present relationship of the countries in the North Atlantic Treaty.

Events to-day have proved that all nations have lost a portion of their sovereignty, whether it be this and other countries of the West being forced to re-arm by the action of the countries in the East; or those countries which had to follow Britain's devaluation of the pound; or those countries which were opposed to the crossing of the 38th Parallel in Korea because the Power able to take action on behalf of the United Nations thought otherwise; or America, which has not been able to deal with the Chinese situation quite as she wished because of pressure from this and other countries.

As you rightly say, Britain's role in world politics is being decided in technical committees and therefore we are inviting in international affairs a system of bureaucracy in which, as you again say, "neither Parliament nor the electorate has any part."

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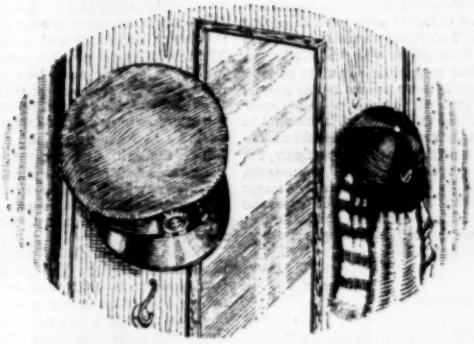

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Certain events in the world to-day have taken from the nations a portion of their sovereignty. In joining the North Atlantic Treaty, the countries concerned recognised that if their efforts were to be effective, they would also have to sacrifice a portion of their sovereignty. If there is to be control by the people, and frictions and fears of domination by a certain country or countries are to be avoided, it can only be within a North Atlantic framework in which the nations have not sacrificed a portion of their sovereignty, but have, in fact, *merged* that portion of sovereignty. We can only truly and democratically merge sovereignty in matters of defence, or in economic matters necessary for the technical standardisation that such defence will demand, by adding to it a portion of political sovereignty.

J. KEITH KILLBY
Secretary.

Federal Union.
20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—Mr. Hugh Seton-Watson illustrates very well how wars breed revolutions and changes of regime; but is it not true that wars can also breed counter-revolutions? How, then, without war, does Mr. Seton-Watson visualise the "liberation" of "the long-martyred people of Russia"? Surely he does not suppose that a "firm stand" by Britain and America will not only "save peace" but, at the same time, overthrow the Soviet regime. He really can't have it both ways. In practice, there are two possibilities: either Mr. Seton-Watson "saves peace" and leaves the Soviet system in power, or he "liberates" the Russian people—which can, obviously, only be done—if at all—by dropping atom bombs on them, and so ending their long martyrdom. Which of the two solutions *does* Mr. Seton-Watson really want? "Peace" and "liberation" just don't add up. Or, if they do, would Mr. Seton-Watson explain how?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris.

MINING INCENTIVES

SIR,—Though they register an improvement on last year, recent figures of aggregate output and output per manshift in the coal mines suggest that appeals for extra shifts on Saturday, even when coupled with the increase lately granted in wages to the lower-paid man, are not sufficient to elicit the additional production which is needed. To ensure continuous effort, there is a strong case for an output bonus system.

In any such plan two points would have to be borne in mind. First, the bonus should correspond to genuinely increased effort, and not merely to higher output resulting almost automatically from greater mechanisation. At one colliery within my acquaintance, output per manshift, five years ago, was 20 cwt. Now that the colliery has conveyors, OMS is 25 cwt. The men are not working any harder, but probably the reverse, because the stone-work part of the old "stall" system was most arduous, and the conveyors have eliminated most of this work. If power loading were successfully introduced even in one district, it might put up OMS to, say, 28 cwt. for the whole pit. Thus it would be illogical and without benefit to costs if the starting point for output bonuses were not adjusted to conform to changes in organisation.

The second necessity is to ensure that managers, under-managers and deputies are not excluded from any future improvement in earnings. It is right that no bonus on output should be payable to anyone with responsibility for safety; but it should be remembered that the junior officials, even after the recent wage award, still frequently receive less pay than the men they control, in equally dirty and dangerous jobs. Moreover, they take worries and responsibilities home with them, whereas the rank and file can forget the pit from one shift to the next. The result is that the best colliers, the right type to command respect as officials, frequently will not accept official status because it means loss of earnings.

When it comes to managers, the position is even more serious for the future of the industry. The manager, with his long and specialised training, is the man upon whom the industry depends most: he can make or mar his pit. Yet, since nationalisation, Divisional Boards seem to have gone out of their way to depress the status and reward of the manager. The standard agreement for managers' appointments is not yet settled; there was no increase for the managers when the men got six days pay for a five-day week; and, when Saturday work was re-introduced, the managers were and are expected to do their extra work for nothing, though the men get time and a half for the shift. In one case within my knowledge, the management of two adjoining pits was merged; but the new appointment of combined manager, with greatly increased work and responsibility, carries no advance of salary. Such petty meanness rankles.

The present generation of colliery staff were trained in a tradition of loyalty. The new generation is learning by experience to limit their services to hard cash terms. Few of the next generation will be the sons of present managers. All the Ladder Plans of Hobart House will never compensate for the destruction of good will achieved in the last four years.

COLLIERY MANAGER.

THE EDUCATION OF H. G. WELLS

SIR,—In his review of Vincent Brome's *H. G. Wells* in your issue of February 24, Mr. V. S. Pritchett refers to H. G. Wells's "lack of education." Wells spent several years at the Imperial College of Science. He had a first-class honours degree of London University and was a D.Sc. of the same University.

His command of English and the range of his vocabulary exceeded that of any other English author of the 20th century, with the possible exception of Aldous Huxley, and he did not deal, as Huxley does, with only a narrow range of social types.

Prior to 1914 he was the author who had by far the greatest influence in inspiring the enthusiasms and moulding the opinions of the young men and women in the lower income groups. He probably made more Socialists than even Robert Blatchford.

Is Mr. Pritchett's allegation of "lack of education" only another instance of the arrogance of the ex-Public School boy who thinks that nobody has been educated unless he has been to a Public School?

RALPH MORLEY

House of Commons.

[Mr. V. S. Pritchett writes: "H. G. Wells has described the scrappiness of his education in his *Autobiography* and his failure to get very much out of Imperial College after one term of Huxley. His outbursts against the Universities seem traceable to the inferiority felt, not astonishingly, by great men who have been deprived of the chances of the educated. Many great men have been well educated and it is permissible to wonder what would have happened to a great educator like Wells if he had had the same chance. Perhaps it would have ruined him. I regret Mr. Morley has fallen into the popular inverted snobbery about the Public Schools, to which, of course, Wells sent his sons. I was not at a Public School."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE RAILWAY DILEMMA

SIR,—If Mr. P. Schiller visits the North-East and advocates that the solution to the plight of the nationalised railways lies in following the London principle of equating all bus and rail fares, he will find himself extremely unpopular. Such a principle may, or may not, be desirable in the built-up areas of London which, by virtue of its size and the density of its population, is generally recognised as a special case. But to apply a similar principle all over the country, where no such traffic parallel exists, would be utterly unjustifiable.

Why should the country bus passenger be made to subsidise rail services which he seldom—or never—wishes to use, when the bus so often provides a more convenient form of transport, to say nothing of the relative cheapness? Over two years ago the British Transport Commission propounded just such a scheme as Mr. Schiller's in the North-East, involving the nationalisation of the private and municipal operators, but public feeling has so far been too strong for them.

As for Mr. Schiller's suggestion of a mileage tax "while the long-distance coach traffic may remain in private hands," what a damning admission that nationalised transport cannot hope to compete with private enterprise unless the latter has a weight tied round its neck! Mr. Schiller's friends did indeed impose such a mileage tax last year when they doubled the fuel tax—and sent most of the bus fares up—hitherto unchanged for 30–40 years. This is planning gone mad.

PETER YORKE,
Director

The British Omnibus Companies
Public Relations Committee.

HARTLEPOOL FABIANS

SIR,—With reference to the remarks by Critic in his London Diary regarding the refusal by the Hartlepools Labour Party of the use of their hall by the local Fabian Society, may I be allowed to point out that the facts, so far as I am aware, are incorrect?

There has, in fact, been no official approach by the Fabian Society to the Party, and the Party Executive was never called upon to consider such a request.

As I understood the position, Ritchie Calder was to be billed as a speaker for the Peace with China Council. The officials of the Hartlepools Fabian Society, whilst being quite ready to welcome Mr. Calder as a speaker to their own Society, were quite certain that it was outside their province to sponsor a public meeting on behalf of a non-political organisation such as the Peace with China Council. To have done so would have immediately branded it, in the eyes of the public, as a Left-wing organisation, and to have held the meeting in the local Labour Party headquarters would have confirmed this view.

The writer was quite prepared to form a separate Peace with China Committee and hold a meeting, if it could be arranged, under its auspices alone. The only halls available on the date offered were two (not one as stated), the Town Hall, which was too expensive, and the Labour Hall, which was considered unsuitable for the reasons given.

WM. O. MANN,
Secretary

Hartlepools Fabian Society,
18 Caledonian Road,
West Hartlepool.

[We are informed that the Northern Regional Fabian Society unanimously decided that these meetings, to be addressed by Mr. Ritchie Calder, should be held and that the organiser was told by the Secretary of the West Hartlepools Fabian Society that the local Labour Hall would not be available for reasons that the Secretary now explains. It is reassuring to be told that there was no official Labour boycott of the Peace with China Council.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BARBARA AYRTON-GOULD

SIR,—The Edgware Branch of the Poale Zion intends to commemorate the name of the late Mrs. Barbara Ayrton-Gould (Member of Parliament for North Hendon 1945-1950) by planting a grove of trees in Israel, as a permanent memorial to one who had shown great sympathy and understanding for the ideals of Zionism.

We feel sure that many will wish to be associated with such a tribute. Contributions should be made payable to the Edgware Poale Zion, marked "Barbara Ayrton-Gould Memorial Fund" and forwarded to the Honorary Secretary, Edgware Poale Zion, 15 Park Grove, Edgware, Middlesex.

ALICE BACON
Chairman (Labour Party)
IAN MIKARDO
GEORGE CATLIN
(Prospective Labour Candidate N. Hendon)
HAROLD MILLER
(Vice-Chairman, Poale Zion, Gt. Britain)
SARAH THALER
(Hon. Sec., Edgware Poale Zion)

A CORRECTION

In our issue of February 17, Autolycus was mistaken in saying that the *Daily Mirror* omitted to report "Mr. Churchill's remarks about Socialist fortunes." We apologise for the error, which was due to the fact that the *Daily Mirror's* report of the debate did not refer to this part of Mr. Churchill's speech, which was, however, given prominence in a separate news item on another page.

Books in General

WHAT, asks Matthiessen, are American poets? And he answers, "I take it to mean poets whose lives have been deeply shaped by American experience." One's first reaction, therefore, to his anthology* is to wonder whether there is not a fault of proportion in extracting nearly six hundred poems from a little over a century and a half. Is it really fair to propose an average of about four poems a year for definitive approval? Were the Americans really writing so much more good poetry during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries than the English, say, or the French?

Secondly, on opening the book, it is at once obvious that the American poets were very slow starters. Of those born before 1800 only Bryant exceeds the status of a curiosity. Then suddenly a round dozen appeared—from Emerson to Melville; and after that, with the shining exception of Emily Dickinson, no poet managed to combine refreshment and originality until the time of the first world war. It is striking that much the larger part of this collection was written from 1914 onwards.

Striking, because American poetry is evidently far more closely linked to "American experience" than European or Oriental poetry to anything comparable. It could be argued that a certain amount of national self-confidence has always acted as a poetic stimulus: that from Pericles to the Elizabethans, from Louis XIV to the mutual if short-lived congratulations of the Concert of Europe, any period of national vitality has found one of its outlets in poetry; but in every case the utterances of a new generation have been corralled into some kind of order by memories of a long past. Homer and Chaucer, Charles d'Orléans and Pope pegged out, so to speak, the background. They set standards to follow or to supersede, they added more and more names to generations of argument and experience. Whereas it was an essential part of the American experience to have shaken off the past.

The fatal error, then, is to read American poems as though they were English. They have to be seen in perspective as part of American history. That is why it is much easier for an American to gauge the beauties of Anne Bradstreet or Philip Freneau than for us.

> I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
> Who says my hand a needle better fits,
> A Poet's pen all scorn I thus should wrong,
> For such despite they cast on Female wits,

wrote poor Mrs. Bradstreet, and the English find it hard to forget that while she was battling with her dour New England life the sunlit rooms at Wilton and Welbeck were full of poetical ladies who had at least the excuse that their idle verses were lapped in acclamation. While as for Freneau, "the first American to think of himself as a professional poet," according to Matthiessen, he too might justly ask, somewhere about the time of the Revolution,

> On these bleak climes by Fortune thrown,
> Where rigid Reason reigns alone,
> Where lovely Fancy has no sway,
> Nor magic forms about us play—
> Nor nature takes her summer hue
> Tell me, what has the Muse to do?

What indeed? One of Mrs. Bradstreet's English contemporaries, John Aubrey, was optimistic. "I could go into Maryland," he wrote. "Plenty of all things; ground there is 2,000 miles westwards. I could be able to carry a colony of rogues; another, of ingeniose artificers; and I doubt not one might make shift to have five or six ingeniose companions, which is enough."

The trouble, however, lay with those five or six. For decade after decade they simply were not there. And throughout those years it is hard to deny a general impression of admirable boredom. That New England life: so stout and healthy and sensible. Those clapboarded houses in Salem and Concord: so quietly busy and so impregnated with the good and deadly life. Those Ripleys and Peabodys and Emersons, with their gaunt determination to have the best of two worlds:

> Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
> In the belly of the grape . . .

there is something so fundamentally unpoetic about it all that one rubs one's eyes when one comes on a masterpiece like Thoreau's *Smoke* or, more surprisingly, Emerson's own *Hamatreya*—poems from the identical time and place, yet filled already with the spirit which gave American poetry its special virtue three generations later.

Even outside New England ingeniose companions were long to seek. The flickering genius of Poe partly owes its deficiencies to their absence; for in a less reasonable society he might have found, if not a cure for ennui, at least those interchanges of the mind which were needed to dissuade a poet capable of *The City in the Sea* and *A Dream within a Dream* from striking the Claribel note with such distressing conviction. It is with relief, indeed, that one turns in this period of American literature from poetry to verse; from the stiff introspections of Jones Very to *The Biglow Papers*, from Whittier to Oliver Wendell Holmes. Private Birdofredum Sawin and the "wonderful one-hoss shay" are concepts which exactly fit the American experience in the middle of the nineteenth century. They exactly fit the little white townships amiably tucked into the wooded folds behind Boston. In them there is no nonsense about transcendentalism and Nature and the immanent God—just a lift of the hat as the buggies cross on the square.

It is with Whitman that the note changes. Dr. Sitwell†, in what is to be the first of several anthologies of American poetry and prose, only gives, indeed, five pages to all that preceded him. Elsewhere, writing of his "wide and buoyant glories," she has struck off exactly the right comment. Matthiessen has included not only some thirty of the shorter poems but the whole of *Song of Myself* and *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*. Suddenly, in Whitman, the American experience bears fruit. The antitheses of Manhattan and the swamp, of grasses and starry pavements, become incandescent. Homely and idealist, cosmic and parochial, a national brand of verse was already in being by the outbreak of the Civil War.

From this point the English critic is likely to meet one puzzle after another. For instance, Matthiessen writes of Whitman's contemporary, Henry Timrod, "I am encouraged in the belief that Timrod is the best Southern poet of his time by knowing that it is also held by the leading Southern poets of our time, Ransom and Tate." But turn to Timrod in the anthology, and you will find only three Confederate poems, of which none reaches even the standard of Sydney Dobell's Crimean lyrics from *England in Time of War*. Why, then, does Matthiessen (an excellent critic) think so highly of him?

> Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
> Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
> Though yet no marble column craves
> The pilgrim here to pause.

That is how the best of them begins, and that is how it goes on. No doubt the secret of Matthiessen's admiration is contained partly in the American experience—in the fact that the Civil War embodied a whole range of strong feeling which the English reader cannot be expected to share; but may it not also be that American writers, associating classicism with the eighteenth century and thus feeling themselves largely deprived of a classic age of their own, are often ready to welcome a formal utterance simply for the sake of the form? Forms, after all, are immensely important in American civilisation. Instead of being mere conventional observances they play their part in welding together a vast and heterogeneous continent. The ubiquitous salt-box houses, the pretty, identical summer dresses on the street, the unvarying rituals of food and drink, even the human kindness, can all be construed as aspects of an anxious will to order. Everything must be ascertainably ship-shape in order to prove that it is not just on the verge of falling to pieces. And so poems ought to look like poems. "Graves . . . craves . . . cause . . . pause" pinned to a hymn-like metre—that is a poem. And later, as poets have become more sophisticated (a poet like José Garcia Villa is only an extreme example) they have persisted in asserting the pre-eminence of forms even at the expense of content.

English readers, therefore, generally give their best attention to American poets who are quite unrepresentative of their kind. They stare at those unfaltering night-lights with which Emily Dickinson illuminated the dark of the late nineteenth century. They delight in Robert Frost and Marianne Moore and E. E. Cummings simply because these fuse form and content rather in the English fashion. And then they lose their way.

It is no good turning to Matthiessen, or to Dr. Sitwell as yet. Inevitably her first selection must be seen in relation to its successors before it is possible to judge whether she will have found a clue to the labyrinthine progress of American poetry. For the moment, all her book, or Matthiessen's, can provide is a great deal of isolated pleasure. And so long as

* *The Oxford Book of American Verse*. Chosen by F. O. Matthiessen. *Oxford University Press*. 30*s*.
† *The American Genius*. Edited by Edith Sitwell. *Lehmann*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

these pleasures are taken singly all will be well. It is all too easy, however, to base general verdicts on English experience. Remembering our own Lake poets, we look for some similar creative source among the New England writers, and we fail to find it. Remembering the variety of American writers who have been personally known in Europe—James, Edith Wharton, Logan Pearsall Smith, Eliot, Pound—we expect to find similar qualities among those who have stayed at home.

From the central trunk of English romantic poetry a rich sap can be watched, trickling through each limb and leaf up to the present day. How confusing, then, we find it to discover that the New England poets were petrified at the first possible moment into national monuments. And the Jameses, the Eliots, the Pounds—not to speak of the Julien Greens and the Viélé-Griffins—was their living tie with the past really so exceptional? Or were they only trying to escape in flight the fate by which each great American writer, at his death, has been shut by posterity into the silence of a pantheon?

Matthiessen quotes a line of Robert Frost which sums the matter up: "The land was ours before we were the land's." But it is arguable that the American people are only now making what Frost calls "the gift outright." If so, what these books contain is really pre-American verse—the sifted and disparate evidences of the steps by which a new civilisation became articulate. They should be read, therefore, without too much care for purely literary associations, though with a sure expectation of delight. In the words quoted already, they hold the work of poets "whose lives have been deeply shaped by American experience." No parallel phrase could ever have been used by Quiller-Couch, since it underlines, for anyone who carries in his head some outline of that experience, the extent to which the English, reading them, will have to relearn their own language.

ARTHUR PUMPHREY

THE PROOF

As I walk free in heaven
Kicking the dusty stars
I fancy the passing angels smile
To witness my capering airs.
O, I fancy their glances tender,
Astonished, envious.—
Though I can never be sure because
My eyes were burnt out in hell.

Still, I caper about in heaven
Young as the day I began,
And when the Sun's broad palm I feel
On my shoulder, 'The heart of a man,'
I marvel, 'is no way lesser
To God's love than a blade of grass!'—
But I can never be sure because
My heart burned out in hell.

If I lie down to rest in this heaven
At last, blind and alone
And danced to a spent standstill,
Need I know God's dream from my own?
The Soul flowers for ever,
Droops not nor withers the Rose.—
O, of this I am sure, am sure, because
My soul burns unquenched in hell.

FRANCES BELLERBY

DIPLOMACY: PLAIN AND COLOURED

Hitler's Interpreter. By DR. PAUL SCHMIDT. Edited by R. H. C. Steed. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy. Volume I, 1917-1924. Selected and Edited by JANE DEGRAS. *Oxford University Press.* 42*s.*

Though international relations are certainly exciting—nothing more so—they are exciting from the clash of policy and ideas, not from personalities. Every individual character gives a slight twist of his own to the issues at stake; but the real drama is something far more profound than can be presented on the cinema-screen. Nothing could illustrate this better than the contrast between the two books at the head of this notice. Dr. Paul Schmidt, chief German interpreter, ought to have an exciting tale to tell, if history is a matter of personal encounters. He was present at every important meeting in the pre-war and war years; he interpreted between Hitler and Chamberlain, Hitler and Mussolini, Hitler and Pétain, Hitler and Franco; he took notes of the conversations during Molotov's visit to Berlin. And what has he to tell that we did not know before? Precisely nothing. He repeats the principal documents and statements that we already know from the records; when he tries to add something of his, it is commonplace. After all, the job of an interpreter is to act as an echo for others; and when there is silence, the echo is silent too—it cannot make its own noise. There is, of course, a general effect of the bustle and confusion in German public life during the Nazis—quite enough to persuade anyone not to take up interpreting as a career. Dr. Schmidt has not been well served by his English editor, who has cut out the first, pre-Nazi part of the original. The reminiscences of Stresemann were rather more interesting than what has been left in, and they made a good contrast. But an interpreter, by nature of his profession, picks up enough anecdotes to enliven an evening's conversation, not enough to justify a book.

Mrs. Degras's selection of Soviet documents is a very different affair. Outwardly formidable, presented without any introduction or generalisations, it makes fascinating reading to anyone with the physical strength to hold the book in his hands for any length of time. Here, as raw material, is the record of Soviet foreign policy, when the Bolsheviks were learning their job. It is on the experiences of these first years, recollections now smudged and confused, that present Soviet policy is based. The story begins with the idealistic policy of November, 1917, based on the belief that world revolution would break out as soon as the masses were offered a peace without annexations or indemnities. There followed the appalling disillusionment of Brest-Litovsk; and the great stroke by which Lenin made his peace with reality as well as with the Germans. All the same, even when the Bolsheviks spoke most bitterly of German imperialism, they had always an underlying feeling, which can be sensed in these documents, of being nearer to the Germans than to anyone else. There is an air of tremendous relief when, in November 1918, they could stop denouncing the Germans and take up the more congenial struggle against "*entente* capitalism" instead. No doubt this feeling sprang in part from the fact that the Entente powers had been the allies of the Tsar; but there was too an unconscious preference for the Germans, as being Marx's favoured nation. According to the rules of common sense, the Bolsheviks ought to have feared most the imperialist power nearest to their borders; but it has always been otherwise and still is—Bolshevik policy turns reluctantly against Germany, willingly against the Anglo-Saxon Powers. This can be followed here to the triumph of Rapallo and in the struggle with the British Government over the settlement of the Straits question.

There is another theme here of great contemporary interest—the development of a Bolshevik technique in diplomacy, once they realised that diplomacy would still be necessary. At first the Bolsheviks addressed the other Powers as conquerors, evoking an immediate revolution. When this failed, they gradually learnt the method of turning western idealism against its inventors. This was a trick that Tsardom had never thought of. Old Russia had remained shut in on itself, merely sulking at the rebukes of the other Powers. Bolshevik Russia has always tried to steal the moral thunder of western liberalism. When the Bolsheviks started this, they believed in the moral appeals—after all they were the outcome of nineteenth-century idealism. They supposed that the imperialist Powers did not believe in their own moral appeals; and therefore after a little while gave up bothering to believe themselves. What remained was a determination not to be humiliated, to demand equal treatment; and this has now become the mainspring of Bolshevik diplomacy. When anyone treads on their toes, they at once jump back—very irritating, and very understandable after the way that they were treated in these early years. On a point of personal interest, there is only one document by Stalin, and that of no importance. It must be very annoying for him to have to encounter the names of all the men he has put to death if he wishes to read the record of Soviet foreign policy. But history was never Stalin's strong point.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

HOW CHARMING IS DIVINE PHILOSOPHY?

The Place of Reason in Ethics. By STEPHEN TOULMIN. *Cambridge University Press.* 16*s.*

Logic and Language. Edited by A. G. N. FLEW. *Blackwell.* 16*s.*

The first time I asked what philosophy was, I was told, "It's eating up your cabbage and not saying anything about it." Most of us do expect it to help us with that sort of thing, and object to putting up with the hard thinking otherwise. In general, we let dons argue undisturbed. But once in twenty years or so, one of them writes a book which directly touches our attitude to our cabbage or our caviare. G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* was one, providing Keynes and Bloomsbury with a soil in which to root their aesthetic views. Apart from some books of R. G. Collingwood—too stormy a petrel to create a following—I do not know that there was another until A. J. Ayer's notable shocker *Language, Truth and Logic* in 1936, the manifesto of Logical Positivism, which made its splash by denying that philosophy had any concern with such matters at all. Ayer, with his first blast of the trumpet, informed us that "the traditional disputes of philosophers are for the most part as unwarranted as unfruitful".

Our discussions of Goodness, the Soul, the Meaning of Life and so on were proved to be merely games with words. Philosophers were sternly sent away to eat soap and keep themselves out of mischief by analysing the presuppositions of science.

Naturally enough, people became heated. On one side irreverent people who had long suspected that life was simpler than it is made out to be, descanted on the theme, while on the other theologians, Marxists and Professor Joad took up the antiphon, and heat and dust obscured the whole situation. This was a pity. Against dispassionate analysis, Ayer has never managed to defend his original view. It is not that one disproves it; a close scrutiny just melts it away. Like most endearingly simple views, it is full of ambiguities: like most dashingly sceptical manifestos it asks us to swallow premises much more staggering than its opponents'. Nobody, for instance, as Mr. Toulmin points out, really believes Ayer's paradox that a man, in the ordinary sense, *means nothing* when he wonders what he ought to do. We could not in fact talk at all in a language that did nothing but describe sense-experience. Ayer's attempt to compel us to is simply a high flight of that Protestant puritanism, that austere passion for the hungry and uncomfortable, that impulse to commit things to the

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flames, which alternates with common sense as the main inspiration of British philosophers.

But these two books present a much chastened form of Logical Positivism; the one which now prevails at Oxbridge; a form, as Mr. Toulmin claims, at once more logical and less positive. Their authors, quite properly, are shy of accepting the older name, and incline instead to call themselves Linguistic Philosophers. Mr. Flew's collection consists of major articles on varying subjects from the philosphical periodicals; Mr. Toulmin's book is a full and by no means destructive theory of ethics with a section on general philosophy. Both make good introductions to the business, but I suspect that many will find Mr. Toulmin's attitude more sympathetic than that of the others. Like Ayer, all these writers want to clear away much traditional lumber: to show that what looked like real arguments were only cloud-battles about verbal confusions. Like him, they mostly make it their business to write clear English, and distrust long words and technical terms. Like him, they derive their creed from the great Austrian philosopher Wittgenstein. "Whatever can be said at all," says Wittgenstein, "can be said clearly." If so, it is plain that Hegel and Marx, Berdyaev and Heidegger, have succeeded in saying very little.

These writers do not, however, like Mr. Ayer, stress the negative, exclusive, apocalyptic side of Wittgenstein's teaching (. . . "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent"). They lean to his kinder suggestion that every sort of statement has it own sort of logic. Where Mr. Forster tells us, "Only connect," they answer, "Only distinguish." Every subject demands its own kind of evidence. Different subjects will not support each other, but each, when sorted out, can stand on its own feet.

If we reason like this about morals, says Mr. Toulmin, we shall avoid the age-old jungles, not least those in which C. H. Waddington wrestles to base morality on evolution—as useful an attempt, he suggests, as the well-known proposal to support the earth on an elephant standing on a tortoise. If we reason like this about Time, says Professor Findlay in the other book, we shall escape the vortexes and vertigoes which lead to J. W. Dunne. We have only to resist the siren of language, to distinguish between different sorts of questions similarly expressed. The meaning of the Universe, if we *must* ask about it, is a different sort of thing from the meaning of "onion-sauce," and until we have got a clear sense for our question, we shall get no answer.

It is certainly a most sane and reasonable doctrine. If its humaner branches, such as Mr. Toulmin and Mr. Wisdom, seem sometimes too reasonable, seem like an opponent who will only repeat, "Ah, but that's *different*," we can find the challenge of a stiffer and less tolerant doctrine in, for instance, Professor Ryle. The writers in Mr. Flew's book vary in a quite interesting way between these extremes. Two of the papers (on Induction and Sense Data) are academic pieces not likely to interest those who have not to be examined on those controversies. Two others, on Analogy and Rights, deal with obviously interesting subjects, but still beam with a certain complacent narrowness which may keep off the unconverted. Miss Macdonald's paper on Political Theory is more accommodating, and Professors Ryle and Findlay, doyens of the method, defend it with arguments cogent and simple enough to impress every honest reader. But there are two papers which do more than this. Mr. Wisdom and Dr. Waismann show imagination. They bring their reasoning home to us by examples springing from their own taste and feeling. They quote (as does Mr. Toulmin) aptly from a variety of novels; they dispel a certain impression of being concerned only with that most boring of chimeras, the Average Man. Notice for instance Dr. Waismann illustrating the influence of language on our thoughts by noticing how differently one regards colour if one's language expresses it by a verb—"the sky blues" rather than an adjective, and exploring how such a difference may alter one's ordinary mode of experience as well as one's metaphysic. Here is a man who knows how we look at things. Such intelligent analysis will certainly help us to understand our attitude to our personal difficulties, even if, as is not unnatural in an age with no fixed metaphysic, it politely declines the responsibility of changing it.

MARY SCRUTTON

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COLLINS

A NOTE ON CONSTABLE

John Constable's Clouds. By KURT BADT. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

This book that was thought to be going to revolutionise the study of Constable's treatment of weather, has turned out a disappointment. It was hoped that Dr. Kurt Badt was going to be able to prove that Constable's cloud studies were based on the researches of Luke Howard into the formation of clouds, and that this would immediately provide a point of departure for the interpretation of Constable as a scientific painter; however, we find no evidence at all that he was even acquainted with Howard's researches, at any rate during the period of Constable's intensive analysis of cloud effects, let alone influenced by them. To do Dr. Badt justice, he is much too honest an historian to force the evidence, and is content to state the facts in a persuasive manner. Of course, it is possible that Constable did know of Howard's classification of cloud formations, since they appear to have been fairly extensively publicised during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. But this provides the substance for a learned and tentative article in a specialist periodical, not for a book.

In fact, it seems as though the author himself became conscious of the thinness of his material, once he had decided to make this theory his central theme, since he has been obliged to spin out his book with additional chapters dealing with Constable's attitude towards nature that bear very little organic relationship to the main part of it. The fact that these chapters contain a number of exceedingly perceptive statements on various aspects of his creative genius, which go a long way towards disposing of the popular, rather sentimental conception of Constable—as a simple-minded miller's son, loitering on the banks of the Stour, more at home among bargees and boat-builders than among scientists—does not excuse their presentation in this loose form. It is not sensible to discuss cloud studies in landscape painting except as a marginal illustration of a new attitude towards landscape in general; to make clouds the centre and to weave around them miscellaneous observations on the fusion of science and art is to condemn one's book to tortuousness. It would surely have been preferable, given that a book and not an article were planned, to recount in detail the gradual conquest of nature by English landscape painters of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, to discover in Alexander Cozens, in early Gainsborough and in Wilson the germs of the later romantic-realist styles, and to plot the connection—much closer than is generally recognised—between art and the Industrial Revolution from 1760 onwards. Then, within this already established framework, the significance of Constable's cloud studies, their dependence on the past as well as their astonishing originality, would have become apparent.

This method would not have involved the elimination of a discussion, which forms the most fascinating section of this ill-constructed book, of parallel developments in landscape painting on the Continent. In his account of Goethe's enthusiasm for Luke Howard and of the influence of the theorist Carl Gustav Carus on the Dresden painters, Dr. Badt demonstrates by implication the failure of British art historians and critics to treat the art of their own country as it should be treated, as part of a European movement. Whatever else we may find to say about this book, it is not, as almost all Constable criticism has been during the last few years, provincial.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

HISTORICAL NOVELS

Conscience of the King. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Colonel of Dragoons. By PHILIP WOODRUFF. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

Seven Against Edinburgh. By MURIEL MASEFIELD. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

When Dr. Wickham lent Lord Acton a copy of *John Inglesant* in the spring of 1882 he little knew what a rash thing he was doing. With that splendid voracity that enabled the historian to devour Papal Chancery rolls and vast black-letter volumes of theology at a sitting, Acton polished the book off "before bedtime." Next day he wrote a 13-page letter to Mary Gladstone in which, while admitting that he had read "nothing more thoughtful or suggestive since *Middlemarch*," he courteously submitted a "litany of doubts" to Shorthouse's admirer. There were a good many of them:

> I. 29. Inglesant's name does not appear in the trials of the Protestants. Did the Marian persecution rage in Wilts?
>
> 73, 74. Here is a Puritan party in Parliament and a scheme to pervert its leaders, in August, 1637. No parliament had sat for eight years.
>
> 83. Juan Valdes was not a Papist but a Protestant. . . .
>
> 277. Eustace loses his suppers with the French King—Louis was 11 years old.
>
> Vol. I. 339. 11. 12. Legate and Nuncio are treated as the same thing. They are as different as Prætor and Dictator. . . .
>
> 4. Chigi is never di Chigi and the pope's sister-in-law was called Olimpia Maidalchini. . . .
>
> 272. The steps of the Trinità were hardly built then, etc., etc.

Not every historical novel runs the gauntlet of an Acton. Moreover, as this week's selection shows, historical novelists are tending more and more to divide into sheep and goats, becoming either the faintly despised allies of dons and school-

masters or envious watchers on the threshold of Wardour Street. This is a pity, since most of the really good historical novels of the last 30 years—like Naomi Mitchison's *The Conquered*, Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*, Rose Macaulay's *They Were Defeated*—have been written by men and women (more often the latter) of general literary gifts. Certainly, such successes are more likely to be achieved by non-specialists since the specialist too often suffers from lack of proportion and loses pace by becoming absorbed in the intricacies of his subject. Despite *Henry Esmond*, the historical novel remains a lower branch of fiction than the novel pure and *per se*. Though its pitfalls are numerous, its particular requirements—such as period dialogue and characterisation, avoidance of anachronisms—are accidental, not artistic. The genre is conditioned by a lower rather than a higher set of limitations and its conventions require the craft of the parodist or the framer of Latin crossword puzzles rather than, say, the discipline of the poet working in hexameters or alexandrines. Perhaps this explains why so many second-rate writers make first-rate historical novelists. (I am not thinking here of authors like Meade Falkner whose *Moonfleet* is perfect in its way, but of best-selling writers like Conan Doyle and John Buchan. The latter's *Witch Wood* is surely one of the best short historical novels ever written.)

Mr. Duggan and Mr. Woodruff, though both specialists, are not at all downtrodden. Armed *cap-à-pie* with research notebooks, they are quite prepared to tackle the experts on their own ground, being, in fact, little less than experts themselves. Both illustrate the change in inspiration—the shift from Macaulay to Stubbs, as it were—that has come over this branch of fiction. Mr. Duggan, who, the blurb tells us, "has been trained in Byzantine archaeology and dug at Constantinople between the wars," boldly declares that "everything I have written could be defended by historical arguments, though not all historians would agree with my interpretation." It is refreshing to find him breaking a lance with the pundits in his "Note on Authorities":

> The only weakness of Sir Charles [Oman] as a military historian was that he knew very little about horses, and he did not realize the difficulty of keeping up the breed of large cavalry chargers in a land overrun with raiders, where wild moorland ponies could always get access to the mares.

Conscience of the King deals with that penumbra of English history known as the period of the Saxon Invasions. The action covers the years between A.D. 450 and 530 and the book is cast in the form of an autobiography written in old age by Cerdic, king of the West Saxons. The old man tells of his life in the Roman-British settlement of Anderida (Pevensey), of treks through the Great Forest, of fights with the Saxons and of the act of fratricide that forced him to take service with the barbarians. Mr. Duggan writes in a conversational style, admirably suited to his material and reminiscent of Robert Graves, though his narrator is a less sympathetic character than the fictional Claudius. With deliberate lack of emphasis the author paints a striking picture of the frontiers of civilisation crumbling, as the forests creep back over the villas and estates and the mosaics sink into the mud under the stockades and thatched huts of the invader. We take leave of Cerdic at the height of his power and influence; having lost everything that made life tolerable:

> But I must admit that I am rather sorry; I would have preferred to be a Roman ruler. . . . One can get used to filth and I no longer mind very much when I see a louse swimming in the stew on my table (most of my followers eat on the floor). I am resigned to hearing every night the raucous songs of drunken warriors. . . . I sleep on straw and when it rains I get wet. But I would like to talk to a well-educated and intelligent man before I die and I know that it is quite impossible.

A *tour de force* of imaginative reconstruction which, while it only partially succeeds as a novel, puts flesh on the bones of history.

Mr. Woodruff's book, as he says himself, is "neither a play, nor a novel, nor 'fictional biography' . . . but a chronicle of what happened as it might have appeared to a group of people living at the time. . . . In fact, it is what for some inscrutable reason is called a documentary." Personally, I should have thought the word "documentary" might well have been coined for a book which boasts a map, two battle diagrams and 70 pages of notes including Board of Ordnance Minutes, the ration scale for the garrison of Minorca during the reign of Queen Anne and references to "Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS. 28,057f. 278." Though the devout, meticulous hero of *Colonel of Dragoons* is a fictional character, almost everything else in this account of Lord Peterborough's Spanish campaign is authentic, down to the last ring on the officer's tent-pole (see page 255).

Mr. Woodruff writes in a brisk, soldierly manner. Whether he is describing musket drill, soldiers' drinking songs or the complexities of eighteenth-century regimental finance, his manner is that of a human but efficient adjutant. Occasionally, one catches him off guard, indulging in a bit of the old swashbuckling Adam:

> The lantern threw the contours of Peter's amused face into sharp relief. It was a face still round with youth, though scarred by a sword-cut on the cheek; its expression at the moment was characteristic, displaying perfectly the Gascon combination of sardonic scepticism in council and reckless daring in action.

His descriptions of military assaults are a blend of professionalism and careful nonchalance.

> "Two, three," Lediard was counting the puffs of smoke. "They've taken three pieces and are firing at the donjon. Sakers or minions, I should guess."
>
> "But why don't they go on at the eastern end? Now is the time, at once. They've still the chance of surprising the donjon at a rush. Ah, they're going on. . ."
>
> "They're losing a few," said Colonel Awbyn with the glass.
>
> "Bound to," Lediard answered. "They're in the covered way. The second line are in too."
>
> "Scaling-ladders. I can see them going up. . ."

It is as if Uncle Toby had turned radio commentator. One feels that Corporal Trim is near at hand, probably getting the men's point of view in the unit recording van.

Mr. Woodruff's book is the expert's *ne plus ultra*. Miss Masefield's novel is a reversion to the normal pattern. *Seven Against Edinburgh* is concerned with the attempt of women medical students to gain admittance to the universities. Even here a note tells us that "all the incidents of the campaigns of the seven women . . . are true. . . . Sophia Jex-Blake does nothing that she did not do in real life and says little that was not reported by her contemporaries or recorded in her diary and letters." Though the theme is an original one, the treatment is entirely undistinguished and Miss Masefield has added to her problems by creating a heroine who manages to be both hearty and insipid at the same time. One feels that it is just as well Agnes Rosseter got married as she would certainly have made a very bad doctor. I should add that this book would be a godsend to film directors in search of a subject. It is set in the palmy Seventies, takes place largely in Edinburgh, contains numerous courtroom scenes and presents limitless opportunities for supers in side-whiskers and clever camera shots up (or down) the wells of staircases.

JOHN RAYMOND

IBSEN

Six Plays by Ibsen. By BRIAN W. DOWNS. *Cambridge University Press.* 15*s.*

Criticism of Ibsen is still largely in the polemical phase: we lack a cool evaluation. Professor Downs, and the School of Scandinavian Studies in Cambridge, are busy providing a critical apparatus of which the present volume forms a part. Perhaps later they will move towards analysis. At the moment Professor Downs hesitates on the threshold.

The six plays he deals with are *Love's Comedy*, on which he is fresh and informative, *Brand*,

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Peer Gynt, *A Doll's House*, *The Wild Duck* and *The Master Builder*, strategic examples of Ibsen's early, middle and late styles. About each work Professor Downs arrays a vast volume of criticism by its contemporaries, and discusses the originals of its characters and the evolution of its plot. We catch very limited glimpses of the wood through the trees. True, it is impossible to discuss Ibsen's sources without coming to curious problems in the inner life of the dramatist. Mr. Eliot was surely right in drawing a parallel between Goethe and Ibsen when he said that just as "Goethe's demon inevitably sends us back to Goethe," Brand and Peer Gynt send us back to Ibsen's biography. The life and letters are interwoven.

On the whole Professor Downs avoids both the critical and the psychological analysis though occasionally he allows himself to jump to a rash conclusion. For example the moment of vision in St. Peter's Rome that made Ibsen temporarily drop *The Emperor and Galilean*, and feverishly start writing *Brand* may have had something to do with the German invasion of Denmark, but there were manifestly closer and more personal stimuli. One useful sidelight is Professor Downs's all too brief discussion of the *ur-Brand*—an earlier narrative poem with significant differences.

In the discussion of the origins of the later plays, and contemporary reactions to them, we get some notion of Ibsen's own view of how he escaped into prose realism, and then, in the last plays, escaped from it. A theme is sketched but Professor Down's self-imposed limits prevent him from developing it.

To all intents and purposes Ibsen is still an unexamined writer. As dramatist and poet he dominates more of our thinking in the theatre than we like to admit. There has been little searching criticism: and at present Professor Downs is too busy collecting the opinions of nineteenth century Scandinavian critics to add much of his own.

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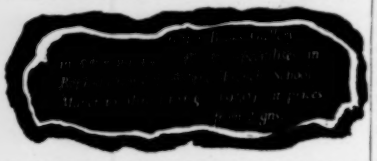

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MARRIAGE À LA MODE

Any Wife or Any Husband. By "MEDICA." *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

There are some advantages in living through the crumbling of a socio-ethical order. The rediscovery by the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the fact that sexual relationships can and should be a source of guilt-free enjoyment has come at an awkward time—social factors and international unrest, as well as the rapid rate of change in Western culture patterns, have seriously upset individual powers of adjustment, and attempts to make that enjoyment realisable today are firmly attached to psychiatry, marriage guidance, and "social work": some other cultures, which regarded satisfactory sex and satisfactory cooking as comparable, civilising, and civilised achievements, could entrust the elaboration of erotics to poets and philosophers.

Sexual ignorance is one of the causes of marital failure, and sexual guilt another major cause; both spring from immaturity. The marriage counsellor who attempts to cope with the half-grown adult has, among other things, to combine psychiatry with the spreading of the idea that sex is a thing to enjoy rather than a topic for heavy psychology. Emancipation is far from complete—the individual who would have been worried fifty years ago by his sin is now worried by his abnormality.

Against this background, "Medica's" little book ranks fairly high. Unlike many such books it is not itself the fruit of a psycho-neurosis, it grinds very few axes, and it has the sense to realise that the speed of medical advice should be that of the slowest patient. The author deals with some of the main psychological and mechanical reasons why married people fail to enjoy sexual intercourse, and how to cope with them. It is meant for those who already have problems, and advises them without frightening those who have none, though it might scare off the timid unmarried. The clinic doctor is unlikely to be able to give many interviews exceeding half an hour. It is this adherence to what is immediately feasible which will get "Medica" into trouble with some readers. She frankly admits that there are some women who will never get an orgasm, and others who will do so seldom. Prolonged psychoanalysis might help some of these: but it might not, and few will actually undergo it.

On the formal psychology of sex the author is less happy but generally adequate. Minor "deviations" produce emotional complications quite out of proportion to their psychiatric importance, and reading von Krafft-Ebbing only spreads despondency. The author's view would have very wide support here—there is no reason why the patient who fails to conform to a (largely social) norm should be sent for analysis unless the deviation is part of a major personality-disorder, is quite unacceptable to the partner, or is a serious social and personal disability. The idea of a uniform standard of normality in sexual behaviour is probably as erroneous as the idea of a Divine ordinance, and a good many tragedies and desertions could be avoided by simple explanation. Not everyone who has a strong sexual attraction to symbolic whippings or whalebone corsets can be accommodated in this way, but mating-benaviour is, after all, a form of play-therapy which can discharge underlying conflicts in much the same way as playing at Indian tortures discharges childhood aggression, provided that nobody is hurt and the partner is properly briefed. "Medica" is closer here to the biologists than the psychoanalysts. Almost all deviations are part of mammalian behaviour which is physiological, and has acquired its psychic overtones in the course of evolution. She was rash, however, to suggest that male sadism can be sublimated in "surgery and politics"—the closer that such impulses remain to the sexual sphere, the less damage they do. If sadistic politicians, judges and psychiatrists, had been able to beat their wives occasionally the world might be a happier place.

ALEX COMFORT

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

Piano Solo and Organ. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight") (Arrau. LX 8772-3). In the first movement Claudio Arrau adopts almost as slow a tempo as Solomon; but his Latin temperament emerges in that kind of tiny hesitation before a strong beat which is foreign to the nature of German music and impairs—slightly but distinctly—an otherwise masterly rendering. In the Scherzo the playing is incomprehensibly slow and ponderous, but the Finale is superb—the only recorded performance I have ever heard in which the semi-quavers of the upward-rushing figure are perfectly clear. I have, however, no hesitation in pronouncing Solomon's the finer version of the sonata as a whole, and there is little to choose between the two recordings. CHOPIN: Ballade No. 1, G minor (Stefanska. C 4061). A very different conception from Louis Kentner's, whose record is now the only other serious competitor but is down for deletion in June. Mlle Stefanska's reading is dreamy and what painters call low in tone. There is no brilliance for its own sake—and that, I think, is to the good, for the playing is beautifully accurate and controlled. Readers must judge from this description which version they are likely to prefer; but I must add that the new disc has a very bad surface, with swish on both sides—tape again! LISZT: *Consolation*, No. 3, D flat major; CHAMINADE: *Autrefois* (Cherkassky. DB 21183). *Autrefois* is no more than a pretty pastiche of various eighteenth-century styles, but it is so delicately touched in that one is glad to have it—as a reminder that Chaminade was not always a mere trifler. In the *Consolation* Shura Cherkassky's playing is even more exquisite in tone and smoothness: throughout his performance of this quiet and tender piece, in which Liszt is for once the equal of Chopin, we feel the presence of a great artist. The recording is excellent. PROKOFIEV: Sonata No. 6, Op. 82; *Visions Fugitives*, Op. 22 (Leonard Pennario. *CTL 7006). Though harsh and angry in places, Prokofiev's Sixth Sonata is one of his most homogeneous works. You may dislike it, but you will hardly find it dull. The *Visions Fugitives*, which date from the first war, are seldom harsh and often most imaginative. The pianistic writing recalls that of Rachmaninoff, and these little pieces—many of them only a page long—are full of charming invention. The performance is impressively accurate and the recording quite serviceable. SCHUMANN: Sonata, G minor, Op. 22; *Noveletten*, Op. 21, Nos. 2 and 8: *Romance*, F sharp major, Op. 28, No. 2 (Kathleen Long. *LK 4023). The recording of the Sonata is no improvement on the bad SP version, but in the pieces on the reverse Miss Long is very much better served. Like Dame Myra Hess, she is at home in this kind of Schumann. WIDOR: Organ Toccata (from Symphony No. 5) (Germani. B 10018). It will not do to record this ferocious piece, as Germani—and, incidentally, Widor himself—have done, at a speed and with a registration suitable to a cathedral: the result is a prolonged and noisy confusion. The recommended version of this Toccata (in itself a fine example of its kind) is Jeanne Demessieux's (Decca).

Vocal. PHYLLIS TATE: Nocturne for Four Voices (Hooke/Soames/Fuller/Parsons/Hurwitz String Quartet/Hambledon (bass clarinet)/Merrett (double bass)/Lush (celesta)/Carner. AK 2400-2). I am glad the British Council should have sponsored this recording, for Miss Tate is a very gifted and imaginative composer; but while urging discophiles to pay attention to a fascinating and beautiful work, I feel obliged to warn them that it is a dirge. Sidney Keyes was possibly a genius, but the Nocturne is not, I think, one of his best poems: it is solemn, nebulous, and the sentiment (akin to that of Anouilh's *Point of Departure*) seems to me deplorably adolescent. In choosing it Miss Tate has handicapped herself. Yet the quality of this delicate yet intense music is striking. It is obvious that the composer has admired both Bartok and Britten, but she speaks

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with her own voice and her technical accomplishment gives an agreeable security to her utterance. Apart from Miss Emily Hooke, who seems unhappy (in the wrong sense!) in her part, the performance, sensitively conducted by Mosco Carner, is very good, and the recording beautifully engineered. MAHLER: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Thebom/Orch/Boult. DB 9576-7). An admirable set. Blanche Thebom's performance sounds more authentic, as well as vocally smoother and more agreeable, than Eugenia Zareska's (in the Decca set). Sir Adrian Boult may not handle the orchestral part quite so sensitively as Van Beinum; but the playing is good enough, in a straightforward manner, and the recording excellent. SCHUBERT: *An die Leier; Du bist die Ruh'* (Flora Nielsen. C 4057). In *An die Leier* the singer gives me a slight sense of strain, although I admire her interpretation on the whole. In *Du bist die Ruh'* she is entirely adequate. This is a good record of its kind and the first song is not available in any other form. GLUCK: *Orfeo*—"Che faro." HANDEL: *Serse*—"Ombra mai fu" (Jean Watson. DX 1721). This seems to me the best available version of "Che faro"—less hurried than Kathleen Ferrier's (in the abridged set), less heavy and slow than Flagstad's or Stignani's; and it is very well recorded. "Ombra mai fu," on the other hand, is largely spoilt by the addition of an organ continuo to Handel's perfectly self-sufficient orchestra. MUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov*—Pimen's Monologue (Christoff/Philharmonia Orch/Malko. DA 1938). An impeccable record. Boris Christoff's *mezza voce* makes us see the old monk writing by the glimmer of a single rushlight. MASSENET: *Thais*—Death of Thais; *Manon*—"Obéissons, quand leur voix appelle" (Dorothy Kirsten. DB 21184). One must be very prim not to be able to enjoy the *Death of Thais*, even though it is impossible to tell (because Massenet himself neither knew nor cared) where profane love ends and the sacred variety begins. Dorothy Kirsten is a most efficient soprano and she is ably supported by Robert Merrill, but the recording is poor. In the Gavotte from *Manon* Miss Kirsten is less convincing. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—"Urna fatale"; PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*—"O monumento!" (Silveri. LX 1359). Fine arias both, and "O monumento!" not well known in this country. Recording adequate, but Silveri cannot be called a refined singer and in "Urna fatale" his all-out style is quite unsuitable. Tito Gobbi (H.M.V.), although he omits the expressive recitative, gives a nobler rendering. FOUR EXOTIC SONGS (Olga Coelho, with guitar. RO 205593). Here is a (presumably) Brazilian singer of quite outstanding attainments: a rich and agreeable soprano voice, wonderfully flexible in tone and phrasing, and most intelligently used. Two of the songs are by Guarnieri, in the Brazilian idiom; one is a Maori folk song; the fourth is an Inca melody from Bolivia. All are delightfully piquant and the recording is extremely good.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,098

Set by J. B. Roderic

Three topics have been debated simultaneously in the correspondence columns of *The Times*: the firelighting qualities of newspapers; the Cockney transposition of V and W; and the origin and comfort of clerical dog-collars. The usual prizes are offered for the letter that successfully disposes of all three topics at one go. Limit, 200 words. Entries by March 20.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,095

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a critical report by Matthew Arnold, H.M. Inspector of Schools, on a lesson given by one of the following ushers: Johnson (at Market Bosworth); Goldsmith (Peckham); Carlyle (Annan and Kirkcaldy); Emily Brontë (Law Hill); H. G. Wells (Midhurst); Verlaine (Bournemouth); D. H. Lawrence (Croydon); limit 200 words.

Report by Naomi Lewis

It is just 100 years since Mr. Arnold was appointed Inspector; a slight fatigue—a lack, even, of characteristic quality—shows in his reports. Johnson is most to his taste; M. Verlaine least. "Men of culture are the true apostles of equality, but I fear M. Verlaine's type of culture will have the effect on his pupils not only of levelling, but of levelling *down*." (Granville Garley). He finds Mr. Lawrence's pupils "absorbed in watching four grass-snakes housed in an improvised snake-pit." (Vivien John). He observes others of his lessons: "Divinity. *Doctrine:* Unorthodox. Jehovah (to whom Mr. Lawrence bears a certain facial resemblance) is doubtless inadequate for the cultured, but He is still the established Deity of our national schools. I recommend that He be continued and that Mr. Lawrence's darker gods be reserved for the higher education of the future." (J. R. Till) "Mr. Lawrence's subject was Love; his method a lecture without notes . . . . I took over the lesson . . . ." (Fergie). Prizes of one guinea go to the six reports printed; honourable mentions to E. Bedwell, J.C.S., Allan M. Laing, R. S. Jaffray, A. M. Sayers, G. J. Blundell, Guy Kendall. It is interesting to observe that not one of the ushers, upon whom Mr. Arnold wrote so coolly, remained in the profession.

JOHNSON

Today I found much of interest in Mr. Johnson's English Lesson, devoted largely to depreciation of Milton's shorter poems and Gray's Odes! What a young grumbler he is!

He is also, however, a man of manifest ability, ambition and intellectual power, although I should not call him an effective teacher of youth or at home in his work.

His presentation was verbose, ponderous and long-winded, and appeared to bore the class to the verge of tears. While he rightly stressed the value of vocabulary and deplored the lack of a reliable dictionary, he displayed no gift of sympathetic contact with the boyish mind. (His untidy personal appearance was also against him).

Yet I believe him to be of high principles and original"—(*vide* his remarks: "Life is a sphere of duties," and "Always choose the *wrong* side of a debate.") Furthermore, his two nicknames of "the great Cham of English" and "Ursa Major" (overheard from his pupils) suggest the recognition by "Our young barbarians at play" of a markedly human side!

W. F. OWTRAM

I heard Mr. Johnson (a young and inexperienced teacher) take a class in Latin at the Grammar School. He arrived late at his desk, and faced the class with a formidable air which, I fancy, concealed apprehensions of disorder. His Latin is excellent—in fact, of such a standard that it must be distressing to him to teach the rudiments to indifferent minds. His enthusiasm for his subject is at times excessive. Not content with extolling the Romans, he astonished me by informing the class that "the boasted Athenians were barbarians." I intervened at this point, but was immediately met with the retort: "Sir, they were as inferior to the Romans, as Scotsmen are to Englishmen."

His scholarship is, I fear, his only qualification for teaching. His manner and general appearance are deplorable. His dress in particular is slovenly to a degree which seems unnatural in so young a man.

He appears to be of a melancholy disposition and is all too obviously a product of those Hebraic elements in our culture which are so much to be lamented in English life. There were no Johnsons by the Ilissus.

NORA WHITE

H. G. WELLS

Mr. Wells's history lesson surprised me considerably. I was taken aback at the outset by his asking the boys to imagine themselves as amoebae, "swiftly improvising their own guts whenever there was food around." I was prepared to recognise the vigour, if not the suitability, of this expression: but I was then further alarmed by the range of his lesson, as it unfolded. Aeons, whole historical epochs, were summarily dealt with. Glancing at Mr. Wells's lesson notes, I observed the following: "Trace the history of animal life from the Palaeozoic to Napoleon." It must be said that the boys were interested, and could hardly be otherwise, for Mr. Wells's manner was curiously aggressive, as though he were inviting contradiction: and the class seems to be in the habit of *heckling* him, chiefly (I surmised) for the pleasure of being abused by their master in some of the strangest phrases I have heard in a classroom. I have never before heard a boy addressed as "a little feeble bit of the blundering old order."

I was strangely, if reluctantly, impressed by Mr. Wells, though hopeful that his methods, and his irreverent approach to history, were typical only of himself.

EDWARD BLISHEN

D. H. LAWRENCE

Mr. Lawrence is, in my view, quite unfitted for the task of educating the young, lacking, as he does, both culture and the sweetness and light without which there can be no true education. Furthermore, he is plainly out of sympathy with the aims and teachings of the Church of England and displays an arrogant disbelief in the value of perfection as an end to be desired and worked for at all times. His methods of instruction are not merely unorthodox—which I do not necessarily condemn—but likely to do infinite damage to the unfolding minds and souls of his pupils. Being imbued with a strong class-instinct and scorning the restraint and *decency* which one looks for in the best products of the Classical School and hopes to find even in those who have not been exposed to its civilizing influence, he adopts a wholly anarchic attitude towards both Literature and Life which can only cause irreparable harm. He is not the type of man we should employ in this country in the education of our children, unless we wish them to grow up to be—not Philistines, not Barbarians, not even plain Populace—but a sort of deformed fanatics, devoid alike of religion and culture and utterly devoted to unrestrained self-indulgence. I recommend his early removal.

H. A. C. EVANS

EMILY BRONTË

I found it difficult to assess this teacher's abilities. As soon as the bell struck, she hastened out of the room, and I therefore could not engage her in conversation.

Her explanatory matter took up a very brief time, and then *un silence terrible* descended upon the class. She did not enlarge upon the matter of the lesson, and shunned any approach from the class. She sat reserved and loaely, like the *jeune captive* of our Gallic neighbour, as if daring any bold spirit to put a question. We are a tongue-tied nation, unlike the urbane and sociable Gauls, but rarely have I seen a national characteristic taken to such an extreme as in this case. Nor was the *ton* of such remarks as were extracted from Miss Brontë's clenched teeth of such a nature as one expects in a young ladies' private school. A girl who broke into tears unable to support the stern and bracing silence elicited a "Damn you."

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I ventured once to approach this teacher before the bell went. With tilted chin she remarked, before I could speak, "You may chide me, sir, but my spirit you cannot break!"

GEORGE MOOR

GOLDSMITH

. . . . walked through the meadows to Peckham. There I inspected a school. I spoke awhile to an assistant teacher, a merry fellow and I think the most charming ugly man I ever met. Never were children taught in ways more original! First he handed out to his charges a large poke of sugar boilings, and whilst they sat munching he discoursed on the flight of the children of Israel, who by his account seem to have reached the Promised Land by way of Munich and Padua. After a while the children clamoured for music, whereupon the teacher pulled from his pocket a German flute which he played excellently.

I made some comment on these methods, and questioned him on their use in education. He was in no wise abashed, and returned many bright answers, among which I recall these:

"Common sense is the best interpreter of scripture."

"Sir, if you would improve the state of education double the pay and halve the class."

When I asked him if he were certificated, he became comically haughty and professed himself a graduate of Trinity College. I told him we could welcome more graduates to the profession, and less flautists . . .

H. V. S. PAGE

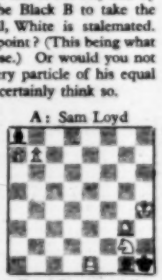
CHESS: In Flux

No. 75

Readers will remember Heraclitus of Ephesus and his doctrine that all things are in flux. Whatever the Stoics, and Plato, and subsequent philosophers may have made of it, we chess-players cannot but abide by the sage of Ephesus and his plea for all-pervading harmony flowing from perpetual change and impermanence. Surely old Heraclitus would have no patience with those of my correspondents who insist that the stalemater be given preference over the one stalemated. I wonder if other readers agree with me that this would be an affront to the very spirit of the game, and that, indeed, the stalemate-draw is the fairest rule in Chess. Surely, in Chess as well as in Life, we must not miss one single heart-beat. To move is our inalienable right no less than our inexorable duty. Once it can no longer be fulfilled, obviously the game must stop. If the fatal hiatus is caused by an unanswerable challenge to the King that is certainly a kill or a mate; but if it was not brought about through enemy action, surely then it is *force majeure*, and since it is inherent in the position we might even call it an act of God. What, then, could be fairer than to call such a position a draw? I dare say Phillipp Stamma had no doubts about it when, more than two centuries ago, he composed this position. By checking at Q7 White gets rid of his Kt, and by continuing K-R8 he forces the Black B to take the ambitious P forthwith. Well, White is stalemated. Would you give him a mere ½ point? (This being what the stalemate reformers propose.) Or would you not agree that White deserves every particle of his equal share in honours? I should certainly think so.

This week's competition would seem to be badly out of tune if it failed to deal with stalemate ideas. Hence, for A I have picked a very easy 3-mover which may be rather over-rated with 4 ladder-points if I add the useful hint that White's main problem is to thwart Black's hope of a stalemate.

A: Sam Loyd



As for B and C, they are actually stalemate studies, and quite difficult enough to be worth every whit of 6 points each, even if I add the hint that B is blessed with a very pretty "echo."

B: J. A. J. Drewitt, 1920

C: K. A. L. Kubbel

Usual prizes. Entries by March 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 17

A: (1) P-R3, P x P, (2) K x P, P-B6 ! (3) P x P, P-KB4 ! (4) P x P, P-K5, (5) K-B4, P-B4 ! (6) P-R5, K-Kt1, (7) P-Kt4, K-Kt2, (8) P-Kt5, K-Kt1, (9) P-B6, K-B2, (10) P-R6, K-Kt3, (11) P-R7, K x P, (12) P-B7, K-Kt2, (13) P-Kt6, K-B1, (14) K-Q5, P-K6, (15) K-K6, P-K7, (16) K-B6, etc.

B: (1) P-R6, P-K6, (2) P-R7, P-K7, (3) 1Q–, Q- (4) Q-Q5ch, K-Kt5, (5) Q-Q3, Q-QB6, (6) Q-QR3 ch, K-B5, (7) P-Kt3 ch. [If (5) . . . Q-QR8, (6) Q-QB3 ch, followed by P-Kt3.]

C: (1) P-Q7, Q-K2, (2) P-Q8 (Kt) ch, K-Q3, (3) B-R2 ch, P-K4, (4) B x P ch, K-B4, (5) B-Q4 ch, etc. If (2) . . . K-Q4, P-K4 ch, etc. If (1) . . . Q-QK5, (2) P-Q8(Kt) ch, etc. If (1) . . . Q-KB5, (2) P-Q8(Kt) ch, K-Q3, (3) B-B5 ch, etc.

A has stumped even those of our crack-solvers who took many a greater obstacle in their stride. Since I cannot allocate fair shares on the strength of the varying degrees of proximity achieved, I was (for the first time) in the quandary what to do with the week's prizes. I have decided to add one third to the prizes for each of the next three weeks.

In the ladder competition we have reached the end of the first decade. 1st prize goes to A. J. Roycroft for the splendid score of 149 points (out of a possible maximum of 159). Leslie Hale is 2nd with 138, K. Beaumont 3rd with 134. H. Zygalski (4th with 129) would have done even better had he not missed out on one competition. The same applies to Eric Allan, J. M. Reid, J. Harman, G. W. Smith and a few others so close on the leaders' heels as to stand a fine chance 10 weeks from now. The winners are relegated to the bottom rung of the ladder. ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

ANNOUNCING a private hotel for those with socially constructive outlook. St. Leonards has been selected because of its unique protection from N. & N.E. Normanhurst (28 beds) is well appointed, faces South on best part sea-front. From 14s. daily. £4 to £6 10s. weekly including gratuities, early tea to room, 4 meals daily, coffee. Centrally heated bedrooms in winter. H. & c. and shaving interior mattresses every bedroom; many twin-bedded. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. 'Phone Hastings 4784. Medically commended, protective climate, opposite all-weather promenade.

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MURLEY Grange, Bishopsteignton, S. Devon. Spring and early Summer holidays. Lovely grounds, high above Teign Estuary, 15 minutes to beach. Central heating, h. & c. in bedrooms, home produce. Children welcome. Booking now.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks with literary interest. Comfort, good Yorkshire fare. H. & C. Spring beds. T.T. milk. Village really typical of Yorkshire life.

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RESTFUL weekend in the New Forest, warmth, good food and lovely surroundings. 2 guineas. Box 1333.

CHALET Hotel: charming village Valais Alps, railway Martigny-Chamonix. Excellent cuisine, moderate terms. Special terms to June 30 and from Aug. 20. Frs. 11.50 per day inclusive. Mme. Buyon, 21 Route de Chêne, Geneva, Switzerland.

HOLIDAYS in country house with extensive grounds; 8 miles from sea. Interesting excursions. Farm produce; English and Continental cooking. Special diets if wanted. From 4gns. Cossington House Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater, Somerset.

SPRING in Normandy. Eng. writer and wife welcome P.G.s at their Villa Fr. coast. Couch from Havre. Good food, sea & country. Eng. brkfst. Full board £6 5s. dble. Also booking for summer. Details: Box 1620.

EASTBOURNE—Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction offering comfort, courtesy and excellent cuisine. Write brochure. Tel.: 3327. May 5-5½gns.

TEIGNMOUTH, S. Devon. Hotel Marina. Unrivalled for warmth and loveliness in Spring. Come at Easter. The hotel is on the sea front facing golden sands. Every comfort, excellent cuisine and willing service at moderate terms. Tel.: 55.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HASTINGS 4571. Congenial, socialist, musical atmosphere. Excel. meals; gardens. Families assured perfect holiday. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

BIRKS, Barbrook Cottage, Lynton 3217. N. Devon. See Exmoor & Lorna Doone country in comfort.—Special early season terms.

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WHY not a week-end by the river? You will be most comfortable at White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford. Tel.: 3155. London 45 miles.

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SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmosphere, children welcome. H. & C. all rooms, efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. views. 40 acres grnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

BEVAN'S Lyn Valley Hotel, Lynmouth, overlooking sea and River Lyn. H. & C. all bedrooms. Ballroom, Games Room. R.A.C. Excellent cuisine. Fully licensed. Apply: T. H. Marriott, Resident Manager.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. For early holidays and honeymoons in a Riviera climate. A.A. recommended. Just above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Mod. comfort; exc. "home" ckg. Tel.: 316.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Come early and enjoy the Atlantic breezes and good food. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

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APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing, Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel.: 71.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivaled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6½gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObister 6492.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. A real rest in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, East Sussex. Telephone: Horeham Road 32.

PRAVDA says: Spend your roubles in Chagford, where the rate of exchange is courtesy, comfort and cream. Devonshire spoken, English understood. Write to Secy., Hotels Association, Chagford, S. Devon.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

LAYTONS Wine Restaurant now open 6-10. Dine with Wines by the Glass. 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), W.1. WEL. 8808, 0709.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Director of Obstetrics (in the Faculty of Medicine). Salary: £A1,500 per annum, plus superannuation benefits similar to F.S.S.U. and the right to a limited amount of consultant practice. Duties: To be responsible for, and for the most part to conduct, the teaching of obstetrics, both systematic and clinical. Qualifications: the University seeks a young, fully-trained obstetrician who aims ultimately to proceed from this appointment to either a full-time academic career or a professional career as a specialist. Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia is March 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Teaching Appointments 1951-52. 1. Applications are invited for the post of lecturer in Mathematics on the Scale £550 × £50 – £1,100. Initial pay will be in the region of £700 depending upon qualifications, with the usual F.S.S.U. privileges and children's allowances. The candidate appointed will be required to join on October 1, 1951 and to reside in College accommodation on the Estate, when available. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. Applications must be received by March 31, 1951. 2. Applications are invited for the following appointments of Assistant Lecturers on the Scale £450 × £25 – £500, with the usual F.S.S.U. privileges and children's allowances. Candidates appointed will be required to join on October 1, 1951 and to reside in College accommodation on the Estate, when available. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. Applications must be received by March 31, 1951: Two Assistant Lecturers in English Literature, One Assistant Lecturer in German, One Assistant Lecturer in French, One Assistant Lecturer in History, One Assistant Lecturer in Economics, Two Assistant Lecturers in Geography, Three Assistant Lecturers in Physics, two Assistant Lecturers in Chemistry, two Assistant Lecturers in Biology, two Assistant Lecturers in Geology, three Assistant Lecturers in Education.

B.B.C. invites applications from women for the post of Reporter in the News Division based in London. Candidates must have a wide general knowledge of current affairs, a good news sense, journalistic experience and the ability to write accurately and concisely for bulletins and to broadcast their own reports. Candidates must be prepared, at short notice, to undertake assignments to places in any part of the United Kingdom and abroad, and they should preferably be between the ages of 25 and 45. Staff experience as a reporter on a daily paper and the ability to take an accurate shorthand note would be an additional qualification. Starting salary £925 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £1,195 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Reporter (News, N.Stm.)" within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Senior Assistant (Finance) within the Administration Department of the Television Service. Duties include assisting in (a) the forward planning of capital expenditure and revenue estimates for the Television Service as a whole; (b) the co-ordination and preparation of detailed capital and revenue estimates from information provided by departments of Television and by other divisions of the Corporation; (c) control of all expenditure, except expenditure under the direct control of the Engineering Division and the ancillary services; (d) screening and negotiation of contracts from the legal and financial aspects. Starting salary £925 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £1,195 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1., marked "Senior Assistant (Finance) N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose s.a.e.

THE Hebrew University of Jerusalem hereby gives notice of a vacancy in the position of Lecturer in International Relations. Details on the position and conditions for application may be obtained by writing to The Academic Secretary, The Hebrew University, Jerusalem, Israel. Since the language of instruction at the University is Hebrew, the candidate must either possess knowledge of the language, or undertake to acquire a working knowledge of it within a reasonable period of time.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children, and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 per annum less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Appointment of a Warden. Applications are invited for the post of Warden or Assistant Warden of a Men's Hall of Residence. The candidate appointed will be required to undertake lecture or tutorial work in one of the subjects taught in the College. The initial salary will be according to qualifications and will be not less than that of an Assistant Lecturer (Scale £450 × £25—£500) together with free furnished quarters and other allowances. The salary for an Assistant Warden will be in accordance with qualifications. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. Applications must be received by March 31, 1951.

THE Spanish & Portuguese Congregation, London, is contemplating the appointment of a Secretary capable of managing the administration and finances of the Congregation and its associated Charities and Trusts under the direction of the Board of Elders, Wardens and Committees. Proved administrative ability and a tactful personality essential; a professional qualification such as A.C.A., A.S.A.A. or Chartered Secretary, or similar evidence of training is an advantage. Applicants must have a good knowledge of the Anglo-Jewish Community and should not be over 40 years of age. Salary scale will be in accordance with experience and qualifications; contributory superannuation scheme. Applications in writing, stating age, qualifications and full details of education and experience, marked Secretary S & P" to Ralph Pinto, 228-231 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2. Canvassing will disqualify.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from University Graduates for the post of Organiser to the Training and Education Department of the Association. The successful candidate should be prepared to take general responsibility for the organisation of training courses for medical officers, teachers and others, have experience of educational work with adults and be in sympathy with the work of voluntary organisations. Starting salary £500 to £600 per annum, according to experience, with entitlement to pension. Applications to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Confidential Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor. Candidates should be women. Duties to begin not later than June 1, 1951. Commencing salary £350 to £400, according to qualifications and experience, with Superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U. Applications (two copies), giving full particulars of age, training and experience, the names and addresses of referees, and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should be sent to The Registrar, The University, Sheffield, 10, not later than March 31, 1951. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker on the Staff of the County Mental Welfare Officer. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or a Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers and should have had experience in social work. Salary will be in accordance with the scale laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee, namely, £370, rising by annual increments to £530 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act 1937. The use of a car is essential for the appointment and if the officer's private car is used, travelling allowances will be paid on the mileage basis for the time being in force. Applications will be considered from those 'qualified, who could give only part-time service. Salary will be on the above scale, being proportionate to the number of sessions given. Application forms with full details of the appointment may be obtained from the County Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than March 17, 1951. G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Winchester, Hants.

ALRESFORD Place Hostel-School, Hants. (Children's Social Adjustment, Ltd.), has vacancies for young men and women for non-teaching staff. Opportunity to gain experience of training maladjusted children in a free environment. Qualifications include liking for household work, for the companionship of children and for country life, an even temperament and the ability to learn. Apply C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8. Please give details in first letter.

COUNTY Borough of Dudley. Boarding-out Officer required in the Children's Department. Salary Grade A.P.T.I. £390 to £435 per annum. Three references should be given. Applications should be sent to me not later than Monday, March 19, 1951. P. D. Wadsworth, Town Clerk, The Council House, Dudley.

FAMILY Caseworker (woman) required. Social Science Certificate (or equivalent qualification) and exp. Salary £330 to £375. Apply to the Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley St., Liverpool, 1, by letter, enclosing copies of testimonials.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted, small C. of E. children's home near Ipswich with family atmosphere. Qualifications: willingness to accept responsibility, ability to cook, and a sense of vocation. Own bed-sitting-room, wireless. Box 1864.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires State Registered Nurse to act as Joint Sister-in-Charge, convalescent home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex (60 women, 20 men). Salary according to qualifications, with full residential emoluments. Excellent quarters. Apply Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., London, E.1.

RESPONSIBLE clerk (woman) of the Jewish faith for detail work in connection with admissions to convalescent homes. Initiative and accuracy essential. Salary according to experience. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1.

INTELLIGENT boy, aged 10, education interrupted by illness, needs resident tutor one year. Suit convalescing teacher. Rural Essex. Box 1855.

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THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8811.

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. McIlrath Senior Research Fellowship. Applications are invited for a full time McIlrath Senior Research Fellowship in any one of the subjects of the Medical curriculum. The successful candidate will be expected to conduct investigation under the direction of the appropriate head of the department. Salary £960 to £1,250 (Australian) per annum, according to qualifications and experience, the appointment being tenable for five years in the first instance. Reasonable travelling expenses will be allowed if the successful candidate comes from abroad. Applications, stating date of birth, qualifications, training, experience, publications and subject of choice, with names and addresses of three referees, should reach the undersigned, from whom further information may be obtained, not later than May 31, 1951. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

BRITISH Institute of Archæology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1951-1952 (August 1st —July 31st). Value Fellowship £450, Scholarship £382, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Send applications with eight copies of testimonials from universities of applicants by April 14, 1951, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archæology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 286

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss F. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

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368 Summer Schools and residential short courses to choose from. Write for list, enclosing 8d., to Adult Education, 35 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL

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GRADUATE, bachelor, 26, owns small poultry farm west of Cambridge and would like congenial person (m.) to share expns. profits (and work). Live in bungalow, with bath. Some account of propensities, etc., to Box 1561.

STUDENT at Gottingen, 21, in London for fortnight this summer, seeks accom. in friendly household, pref. with student his own age. Box 1841.

WOMAN graduate (23), working four-day week, offers any variety of help in part payment for accommodation in Central London. Box 1666.

YOUNG woman requires afternoon work. Central London. Secretarial or anything considered. Box 1772.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until March 11: Leslie Howard in "Pygmalion" (A). From March 12: Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, in Carné's "Quai des Brumes" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 11, 7.30. "Angel On My Shoulder" (A).

EAST and West Film Society. "Quai des Brumes" (French); "Lord Siva Danced" (Indian). Sat., March 10, 3.30. Mems. 3s. 6d., guests 4s. 6d. Annual subscription 5s. Enrol now at the Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

HAMPSTEAD (large) Town Hall. Soviet Film "Academician Pavlov." Tues., Mar. 13, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. B.S.F.S.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sun., March 11 at 7 p.m. Film Show, 6 films, inc. 1 puppet. Refreshments available. All invited.

69TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Sat., March 10, at 3. Monique Haas, Wigmore Ensemble. Debussy Programme. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall. Wed., Mar. 14, at 8. Suite No. 3 in D (Bach), Violin Concerto in B minor (William Walton), Pelleas and Melisande (Schonberg). Soloist: Campoli. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken.8212), and usual agents.

ORIANA Madrigal Society. Conductor: Charles Kennedy Scott. Wigmore Hall, Tues., Mar. 13, at 7. Madrigals, Motets, Part Songs, etc., by Campion, Weelkes, Delius, Holst, Balfour Gardiner, Whittaker, etc. Freda Dinn, Edgar Hunt and Desmond Dupre in Music for Viols. 9s., 6s., 3s., from the Hall (Wel. 2141), or Eric Whittemore, 136, Petersham Rd., Richmond.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Wed. at 8: Fidelio Quartet, Peter Graeme. Haydn and Beethoven string quartets, Gordon Jacob oboe quartet. Fri. at 8: Maidi Arnold, soprano, Winifred Gaskell, flute, Olga Hegedus, cello, Phyllis Norbrook, piano. Lieder, folk-songs, Rubbra, Piper, Beethoven cello sonata, Rameau Trio. 5s. 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Mar. 11, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Loveday Piano Trio. Susan Sliwko. Bloch Vn. Pf. Sonata No. 2; Cello and Pf. "Voice in the Wilderness"; Three Nocturnes for Piano Trio. Bloch Piano Sonata. Adm. 1s.

ST. Marylebone Parish Church. The Renaissance Singers directed by Michael Howard. Sat., March 10, at 3.30. Palestrina "Stabat Mater"; Tallis "Lamentations of Jeremiah." Speaker Denis Stevens. Sat., March 31, at 3.30, English Cathedral Music: Byrd & Gibbons.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). To-night, Mar. 10, Dancing to a first-class band at 81 Portland Place, W.1, from 7.30-11. Refreshments and bar for members and friends. Entrance 2s. members, 3s. visitors.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, Central London Br., St. Patrick's Dance, March 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C. Tickets, 4s. 6d., 4s. pre-date.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Complete range of Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on view at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields) 9-6 and Saturday mornings.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & Drawings by Jan S. Snowden & George Hann. Till March 31. 10-5, except Sundays.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Five Centuries of Italian Stage Design—an exhibn. March 9-23. Wk.-days, 11-6. Suns. 2-6. 1s. 6d.; free for members.

AT The Arcade Gallery, Late Gothic and Early Renaissance Paintings North of the Alps. March 8-31, 28, Old Bond St., W.1.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Artist: Self Portrait and Environment." March 4-22. Mon.-Fri. 10 to 5. Sundays 2 to 5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—4th Series—Bonnard, Daumier, Ingres, Pissarro, etc., & important Degas bronzes. Dly. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Some British Masters of the 18th and 19th Centuries. 10-5.30; Sat., 10-1. Until March 17.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Pre-view for Society's members and their friends to Exhibition of Fauve paintings at Messrs. Roland, Browse & Delbanco, Cork Street. 8 p.m.-11 p.m. March 14.

LEGER. 13 Old Bond St., daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Paintings by Adrian Stokes.

PORTSMOUTH Group. A collection of Paintings and Drawings. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Open Assembly 10-5. Adm. 1s. Feb. 23-March 17.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. 1st London Exhibition of the Belgian painter, Jean-Jacques Gaillard.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AFRICA To-day. Four lunch-hour meetings commencing March 19. Friends' International Centre, 32 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. A. Ademola; Fenner Brockway, M.P.; Ritchie Calder; Tom Driberg, M.P.; Catherine Marshall; Guy Routh; Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Sandwich lunch 12.30, mtg. 1 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. (or 8s. for four) including lunch. Details, Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1 (ABBey 3770).

BARBARA Castle, M.P., Viscount Hinchingbrooke, M.P., Victor Gollancz, Cyril Osborne, M.P., Vernon Bartlett. "Negotiate Now for World Peace." Central Hall, Westminster, Monday, March 12, 7 p.m. Admission free. National Peace Council.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., March 14, 7.30 p.m., at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Yugoslavia and her Neighbours." Mr. Timotijevic (Asst. Press Attaché, Yugoslav Embassy). 1s. 6d.

NATIONAL Secular Society. In the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn, W.C.1, on Thurs. evening, March 15, you can hear a frank criticism of religion, with an opportunity for questions. Speakers: C. Bradlaugh Bonner, M.A. (President, World Union of Freethinkers), L. Ebury, F. A. Ridley (Vice-President, N.S.S.), J. W. Barker. Chair: R. H. Rosetti (President, N.S.S.). Commence 7 p.m. Adm. free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. Current Exhibition: Paintings from Haiti. Mar. 12, 7.45 p.m., Film Programme at the French Institute, S.W.7. "Birth of a Nation," Part 2 (D. W. Griffith). Alexander Calder. "The Silent Village" (Humphrey Jennings). Mar. 14, 8 p.m. Platform for Poets. Mar. 16, 8 p.m., Lecture on Nigerian Music, by Mercedes Mackay, demonstrations by Ambrose Campbell's Yoruba Band. Mar. 17, At Home. Boscoe Holder and Caribbean Dancers.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum: "A Basis for British Foreign Policy," Viscount Hinchingbrooke, M.P. (Cons., South Dorset). Chairman, Lord Strabolgi. Thursday, March 15, 1951, at 7.30 p.m. Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Reserve seats, Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. WEL. 0136.

BRITISH-Rumanian Friendship Assn. Students who competed at the University Winter Games in Rumania will speak on their experiences, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Friday, March 9 at 7.30. Adm. free. Refreshments.

THE Nature Cure Clinic. "Home Treatment." Miss Hinz, Mrs. A. V. Morrison, D.C., M.B.N.A., Mon., March 12, 7.30 p.m., Friends Hous., Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Mar. 15: "Sri Ramakrishna, Prophet of New India."

G. E. DELL: "The Messiahship of Man." At the Ethical Church, 4a, Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, March 11 at 11 a.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., March 13 at 7.45 p.m. "Trade Unionists in Czechoslovakia." Speaker: Mr. George Woolley. Chrmn.: Miss Ann George. Visitors welcmd.

YOUR Questions Answered! Foreign delegates from Soviet Union, Roumania, France, etc., in Britain for International Women's Day Celebrations, will speak and answer questions at Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, Friday, March 16, 7 p.m. Tkts.: 6d. I.W.D., 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m., 12th, Leonard Worsley (violin), with Alizon Cutforth (piano): Bach, Mozart, Dvorak, Bartok. 19th, "How Public Opinion is Formed," by Om Prakash Sahu, M.A. (India).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Emile Burns on "The British Road to Socialism." Monday next, at 8 p.m. Adm. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 11, Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "Collective Security." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

EX-COMMONWEALTH Reunion Dinner, 7.30, Sat., Mar. 31. Schmidt's Restaurant, 41 Charlotte St., W.1. All old members welcome; tickets 6s. P. Cooper-King, 29 Redcliffe Sq., S.W.5. FRE. 9014.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FABIAN Society Fork Lunch. Nat. Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. March 14 at 12.45 p.m. Spkr.: John Parker, M.P. Price 2s. 2d. Pay at door.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Dr. B. Ibbetson speaks on "Women in Poland To-day." Fri., March 9, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome. Refreshments.

"INDIA and Pakistan Since Partition." A lecture will be given by Lady Hartog for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, March 12, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays, 1 p.m. March 13: "Ventures of the Light." p.m. March 13:

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Jewish Writer in the Community." Lecture by Barnet Litvinoff. Wednesday, March 14, at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 17, at 6 p.m. Mr. S. P. Van der Schoot: "Holland To-day."

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. "The New China and the World Crisis," by Kenneth Lo, at Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel) on Thurs., March 15, 8 p.m. Non-mems., 1s. 6d. at door.

DR. J. R. Smythies will speak on "Mind and Brain," March 16, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15. All welcome.

NOMADS Club: Thursday, March 15, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. Some Aspects of the British Film Industry. Talk by R. J. B. Kenderdine (Rank Organn.).

ANNUAL Marx Memorial Lecture. Prof. Benjamin Farrington, "Karl Marx: Scholar and Revolutionary," at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, March 18, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: A. Rothstein. Admission 1s.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Lecture Recital by Angus Morrison, 6 p.m., Wednesday, March 14. Admission free.

CLASS Z Reservists. Re-call conference. Lecture Room, Central Hall, Westminster, Thurs., March 15, 7 p.m. Speakers: Victor Yates, M.P., Sybil Morrison, P.P.U. Organiser, Bernard Withers, Secy. Central Board for Conscientious Objectors. Chair: Stuart Morris, Gen. Secy. P.P.U. Adm. free. Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

JEWISH Youth unites to protest against rearmament of Germans and release of war criminals, at a Mass Meeting Wed., March 14, 8 p.m., at Woburn House, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Speakers: Maurice Orbach, M.P., and representatives from Zionist and Non-Zionist Youth Organisations.

COMPTON Mackenzie presides over Brains Trust at Central Group, Frederick Laws, Wilson Midgeley, Julian Symons, to answer Soviet writers' questions on English literary periodicals, March 13, 7.30. Partics. S.C.R. Writers' Group, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Mar. 14, 6.30. "The Buddha's Thought and the Western World." Mr. P. Mehta.

"W. E. HENLEY and his Circle," John Connell will give a tea-time talk at the National Book League at 3.30 p.m., March 16, Members only. Membership details from General Secretary, 7, Albemarle Street, W.1.

"LABOUR Relations, National Arbitration and the Law." Speaker: Bryn Roberts, General Secretary, N.U.P.E., in the Nibbett Hall, Inner Temple, on Wed., March 14, at 7 p.m. Arranged by the Haldane Society.

CAXTON Hall, March 15, 8 p.m. Mrs. Helena Normanton, K.C., on "Women and Men, Equal Status." Married Women's Trust. Enquiries: AMB. 3320.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 13, Symposium: J. B. Coates, Guilfoyle Williams, Mrs. Virginia Flemming, Hector Hawton. "The Future of Humanist Action." Admission free. Collection.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Mar. 11: The Quest for Salvation.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FABIAN Society Easter Conference: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. March 23-26: "Can Local Government Survive?" Director: H. D. Hughes. Charges: £3 15s./£3 10s. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting, Campden St., Kensington, W.8. The competition for three annual Entrance Scholarships of £50 and one Exhibition of £20, all tenable for four years, will be held in April. Write Sec. for particulars before March 31.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

REHABILITATION Short Course: "The Epileptic." March 15, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1. Chairman: H. H. Bagnall, Esq. Speakers: Dr. E. A. Blake Pritchard, M.D., F.R.C.P., Professor F. L. Golla, O.B.E., F.R.C.P., Dr. C. W. M. Whitty, B.A., B.Sc., M.R.C.P., W. E. Aston, Esq., Dame Georgiana Buller, D.B.E., R.R.C., J.P. Discussion. Course Fee 10s. 6d. Programmes available from British Council for Rehabilitation, Tavistock House (South), Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1 (EUSton 4037), or at Victoria Hall on March 15.

WEST Riding County Council, Grantley Adult College. Short Residential Courses, March 13 to 19, The Commonwealth in World Affairs; 22 to 27, Great Britain and the U.S.A.; 30 to April 5, Local History; April 8 to 14, Ideals and Realities (School and Industry Course, ages 16-19); May 7 to 10, The Land—Agriculture; June 4 to 11, Mediæval England (in conjunction with York Festival). Fees from £2 10s. to £6 6s. (reductions to W.R. Students). Details and application forms from the Bursar, Grantley Hall, Ripon.

EASTER Conference of the Progressive League, to be held at High Canons School, Well End, Herts, from March 22 to 26. Interesting and varied programme of lectures on aspects of music and painting, and "The Prospects of Progress," "Conservation of Natural Resources," etc. Speakers include Alec Craig, Dr. Ernest Seeley, Rudi Sabor, Augustus Lunn. Recreations: Music and Poetry, Dancing, Country-dancing, Rambling, Sun-bathing, etc. Fees: Members £4; Non-Members £4 2s. 6d. Apply Hon. Secretary, 43 West Park, S.E.9 (EL.T. 1761).

SURREY College of Music, Ewell, Surrey. President: Sir Arnold Bax (Master of the King's Music). Third-year Approved Course in Music. Teachers and students offering music in school should send for the Special Leaflet: "The One-Year Supplementary Course." All grant-aid facilities available. Apply: Secretary, Surrey College of Music, Fitznells, Ewell, Surrey. Tel. Ewell 6062.

EXPERIMENTS in Expression.—Painting, Dancing, Drama, and Music-making weekends at Brasiers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Dance and Drama: March 30-April 1. Painting: April 6-8 (studio open 2 weeks for enthusiasts). Music: April 13-15. Particulars from Secretary.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1951, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

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(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 287)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 285, 286, 287

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